

Vol. XI--No. 24

St. Louis, Thursday, July 25, 1901

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THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM-MARION REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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VOL. II—No. 24.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

208-209 OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches,

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: A. LENALIE, 939 Eighth Avenue, Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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TWO ROLES OF RICHARD'S.

THE next issue of The MIRROR PAMPHLETS will be devoted to two criticisms of Mr. Richard Mansfield's acting, under the general title, "Two Roles of Richard's."

The criticisms, by the editor of the MIRROR, are devoted to the interesting and peculiar actor's interpretation of the chief roles in Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," and in George Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple." Mr. Mansfield is the leading American histrion, whether or

not we like his eccentricities of view or conduct, and in the plays mentioned, he appeared under circumstances best calculated to give us an exposition of himself. The interpretation of his interpretations, therefore, is necessarily in the nature of a psychological analysis of the man himself, and in view of the quite general suspicion that Mr. Mansfield figures prominently, though in disguise, in the MIRROR'S unique key-novel serial story, "The Imitator," the estimate in the two criticisms will be of interest for their convergence to or divergence from the analysis suspected in the novel.

It is, perhaps, necessary to say that the choice of subject for this as for other numbers of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS is not that of the Editor of the MIRROR, but of readers of this paper. A number of subscribers and other readers have asked for the reproduction of one review or the other, and so the two criticisms will appear together. The July number of the MIRROR PAMPHLET will be of special interest, therefore, to people who collect literary material appertaining to the modern stage.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

* * * *

REFLECTIONS.

Tom Johnson Looming Up

ANOTHER evidence that the late leader of the Democracy is being pushed out of prominence, is in the attitude of the Chicago *Public*, the best of all the country's reform newspapers. Mr. Post, the editor, disparages, as he always has done, the free silver panacea, but he goes further and shows the absurdity of the erstwhile Boy Orator's scheme for suppressing monopolies by means of State exclusion thereof and a system of Congressional licensing. The *Public* is a powerful paper of its kind, and its swerving from the unconditional support of the Editor Candidate is very significant. It is to the radical element of United States politics what the New York *Nation* is to the conservative forces. It is a dignified organ of the extreme opinion. It is conducted along scientific lines of the higher politics and commands the respect of thousands who sneer at the sophomoric *Commoner*. The *Public* doesn't coldly throw overboard the loquacious leader, but it none the less veers away from him and leaves to its intelligent clientele the pleasant task of reading between the lines and seeing the hidden argument. As the ascendancy of the Nebraskan diminishes in Mr. Post's paper there is a crescent enthusiasm for all that Tom Johnson stands for. There is a steady putting forward of the idea of a Democracy not tied to one man or one issue and this means that the spell of the personality of the Wordy One is broken, so far as concerns the higher class of political, social and economic reformers. The *Public*'s position is an indication that the day of the pilgrim candidate is done. As the paper represents the high-water mark of intelligent opposition to the purposes and methods of the Administration, and as Tom Johnson seems to be defined in the mind of the *Public*'s editor as a sort of demi-Divinity, one cannot help surmising that Tom Johnson is not in sympathy with the continued leadership of the man who made two picturesque losings in the fight for the Presidency. Tom Johnson is the new champion of the extremist ideas and in subtle fashion he is being foisted into the place of honor. Thus we see that not only are the reorganizers opposed to further Williesism, but the better sort of radicals are convinced that a new man is needed to carry radicalism to its logical political results. There is no better indication that the dissatisfaction with the former

Democratic Demosthenes permeates all factions than the skillfully handled editorials of the *Public*. Not an unkind word has it to say of the late leader. Indeed its compliments are very prettily paid all the time, but always there is the intimation that a new deal of some kind is needed, and always, even though by indirection, it is Tom Johnson who is put forth as the new champion of a reform that shall devote itself exclusively to putting the screws to the plutocracy.

* * *

Trigg

PROFESSOR OSCAR TRIGG of the Chicago University, has declared that most of the church hymns are doggerel. His dogmatic utterance strongly reminds one of Douglass Jerrold's declaration that dogmatism is puppyism full grown.

* * *

A Boom For Irrigation

IRRIGATION is enjoying a boom which we hope will not be wholly temporary. The success of the method of inducing fertility is as old as the world, but in this country if the destruction of the forests be not stopped, plans for irrigation must end in failure. The works necessary to such irrigation as the country demands will cost more millions, almost, than the imagination can compass, but in the course of time, with the National and State governments working together, there should be no place in the land that need fear a long dry spell. In another century none of the rainfall will be allowed to go to waste, but will be stored against the time of deadly dryness, and then distributed where and when it is needed. This will almost incredibly multiply the productiveness of the country at a time when such multiplication is demanded by a rapidly increasing population and by the necessity of meeting the demands of the new Orient for food-stuffs. Irrigation is going to be a feature of politics from now on and here comes in the necessity of watching the subject, for the politicians are certain to want to irrigate every inch of land and put as little of the appropriation into irrigation as possible.

* * *

Posing

No one will deny great activity at World's Fair headquarters. Some of the leading spirits must be having themselves photographed at least nine times a day in as many different attitudes, and posing is no pleasure in such weather as has prevailed the last week.

* * *

H. Sam Priest For Senator

THERE is much talk about this man and that for United States Senator from Missouri, but the newspapers are singularly silent about one man, who, if Democratic reorganization is to proceed in this State, as in Ohio, will be a most formidable entry in the race. I refer to Mr. H. S. Priest. Mr. Priest is a candidate for the place. He is a man of means and of distinguished ability, as all must admit when they're not too mad at him to admit anything to his credit. He has a tremendous political and personal influence throughout the State, in every county and even every legislative district. He stands supremely well with all the great interests of the State and has been an efficient pacifier between the interest in their rivalries among themselves and between each and all of them and the politicians. His standing as a successful lawyer is of the highest and his diplomacy and tact are wonderful. No matter how the party has been split up, Mr. Priest has been friendly with both sides. He is said to have always been a man of his word with all the politicians with whom, at various times, he has done business and he is, in his personal manner and method, a veritable democrat, approachable and always affable. There is

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no especial antipathy towards him, among the solid silverites, and the sound money interests regard him as a safe man in every way. The MIRROR has not always been at pains to put forth the good points of Mr. Priest, and has, on the contrary, been rather severe in its comment upon him, but, for all that, this paper desires to be fair and it says that Mr. Priest is an abler man and a better man in, every way, than any other candidate for the toga now being discussed in this commonwealth. One of the most prominent Democrats in Missouri said, the other day, in the MIRROR office, that the next Senator from Missouri would be a Republican, as a result of Dickery-Dockery Democracy. If that be the case, of course, Mr. Priest cannot be Senator, but if the party is so dissatisfied with men at present running things in this State, it is possible that there may be a revolution within the party before the State is turned over to the Republicans. In the event of a readjustment and realignment of the party it is more than likely that Mr. Priest's friends will be in control, and if they are, he will be the man chosen for Senator. He is a more probable Senator than either Dockery or Stone, to-day. The politicians have not paid much attention to Mr. Priest's announcement of his Senatorial candidacy some months ago, but they had better do so. He is the best politician in the State, with more ramifying influences to pull for him, with more potential money back of him, with much personal pleasantness and a rather generous scope of ability to supplement all the aforementioned "practical" considerations. Mr. H. Sam Priest is the man that Vest, Dockery, Stone, Stephens, Cockrell, De Armond, Champ Clark and all the others will have to watch carefully during the next few years. When you see it in the MIRROR it's so.

* * *

Celerity

WHO shall say hereafter that St. Louis is a slow town? Last Monday a swell divorce suit was granted within forty-seven minutes from the time the papers were filed. This beats the Chicago record of 51 $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes. And yet they say we can't get the World's Fair into shape for May 1st, 1903. St. Louis' motto is "Nothing Impossible."

* * *

A Great Postal Reform

THE Postmaster General deserves the thanks of the country for his action in establishing regulations which tend to exclude from the mails under the pound rate all fake publications. The loss involved in admitting to newspaper privileges all sorts of sheets that were run to advertise special institutions or businesses, all publications that were given away with premiums worth more than the subscription to the papers, all books dated as serials was of such proportions as to force action such as has been taken. The new rule means that a publication must prove itself to be first and foremost a news or literary journal before it can be admitted to those privileges that have been granted in the past on the theory of furthering popular education. No longer will the mails be stuffed with bales and bundles of papers and pamphlets that have no excuse for existence but the desire of their owners to secure circulation and, through circulation, advertisers. The second class matter privilege has been so shamefully abused that the authorities estimate a stricter interpretation of the rules with regard to such matter will save the postal department from twelve to twenty million dollars per year. That sum was simply taken from the service of the people at large and devoted to furthering various advertising schemes, many of them of a questionable character, and not a few narrowly escaping the definition of outright swindles. The Postal Department has practically paid the expenses of some concerns in advertising their special lines of trade, by simply allowing those concerns to issue and send through the mails their catalogues and price lists thinly disguised as newspapers. A class of journals sprang up under the second class matter regulations, that built up enormous subscription lists by premiums worth more than the paper for the term of subscription. The papers were practically given away and the Post Office "paid the freight," and the publishers, on the strength of their big gift circulations, charged enormous

rates for advertising to many concerns that made a specialty of snide goods. The legitimate publishers suffered. They acted on the square with the Post Office. They sent out papers that were duly subscribed for and they made their papers something more than mere vehicles for advertising special or snide schemes. They maintained publications that were really primarily devoted to the work of supplying the people with news or with literature, but the fake papers, by trickery, made the Post Office carry the cost of their bogus circulations and the fake journals injured the advertising patronage of the papers that were run on the square. There is a howl that the Postmaster General has interfered, in his new order, with the liberty of the press. The new order, as to second class matter, will not injure a single publication that is actually a medium of news or of literary service to the public. The order simply shuts off from second class privileges a lot of worthless printed stuff. The general public is interested in this matter even more than the proprietors of legitimate publications, as that general public will understand when told that the restriction of the second class privilege is the first step towards the development of the system of free rural delivery and the reduction of general letter postage from two to one cent. The Postmaster General has taken action that required courage. It is action that the people will approve. It is action that the courts, too, will approve as being in the higher public interest, in checking the avalanche of trash that the presses of the fakers hurled upon the public.

* * *

The Corn Crop

AGAIN the MIRROR repeats that the drouth is being worked up for stock-market effect. Rain within three or four days will bring the corn along all right. The hills are scorched but the valleys are green. The worst news comes from the regions in which there is always some such trouble. The crops are suffering chiefly from too much newspaper.

* * *

Austin Dobson

THE news comes from London of the retirement from a post in the British Museum of Austin Dobson. It is asserted that the Government is to give him a pension of substantial proportions. The news is altogether good. Mr. Dobson's retirement must mean more Dobson poetry, the finest and best, in its peculiar vein, that England has produced, a refinement upon the workmanship even of such masters as were Leigh Hunt and Praed. As a writer of *vers de societe*, Austin Dobson has never been surpassed in English. His only rival has been Andrew Lang. In imitation of the old Provencal forms, the rondeau, ballade, vilanelle, virelai, etc., Dobson has been easily first. He has a delicacy of fancy, a daintiness of touch, a mastery of minor music that are inimitable. He has culture to the highest degree, but with it the tenderest of feeling. His work fuses the smile and the tear in a beautiful bit of artistry. He invariably gives pleasure to his reader. He never is anything but what is in perfect taste. He makes the commonplace curiously strange and romantic and poetic. His character, as one might judge it from his verse, is that of a mixture of Lamb and Hood expressing itself in the style of Theodore de Banville. Austin Dobson has always been clean and pure. He wrote to everybody as a gentleman artist should write. He never wrote carelessly. He polished patiently until his expression had reached the form he desired and then it came forth a cameo-song. And so with his prose. He wrought for style but never for any too great emphasis. He always kept his poise. He is always moderate, considerate, serene. And yet he is always strong and sure. No living Englishman has done so much as he to transfer to English speech some of the sparkling, vivacious touch of French. He has practically founded a school of English verse of which we might think more were not its features so easily copied by poetasters. He has given us verses of inimitable grace and of unapproachable piquancy of that flavor which we know not to be sad or sweet. He has

written as an artist for the form's sake always, the thought and feeling being presupposed. He never wrote a coarse line, and he never dallied in print with a debasing thought. There is not a book of his verse that will not be eminently readable a hundred years from now, and that will not say to the reader, "I was written by a gentleman, an artist, a poet for sheer love of the thing which I am."

* * *

Free Trade For Porto Rico

TO-DAY marks the beginning of free trade between the United States and Porto Rico. "Much new capital has been put into the Porto Rico sugar industry by Americans," which means probably that the Sugar Trust does not fear competition with itself. The Coffee and Tobacco Trusts have likewise probably had time enough to fix themselves in the island so that free trade will not hurt them. The *Globe-Democrat* tips off the situation nicely when it says that "it may be assumed that American refineries will have in Porto Rico, Hawaii and Cuba the practical control of the raw materials in cane sugar, giving the United States a position in this article it has never had before." Porto Rican sugar will not compete with American sugar, simply because the people with whom it might compete have control of the Porto Rican supply. Nevertheless, it is right that there should be free trade between all lands under the flag, as between all the States under the Constitution, and however much we may dislike trusts we cannot say that it is not for the good of Porto Rico that even American trusts have obtained control of the plantations that had been allowed to run down under Spanish rule.

* * *

No Mosquitoes Anyhow

MAYBE the scarcity of water this summer is due to that fluid's natural antipathy to the vast amount of oil that has recently been tapped in this country. And this reflection carries balm in the suggestion that the great abundance of oil means the use of a great deal of it in destroying the mosquito pest. The authorities are agreed that a film of oil on the mosquito-breeding ponds and swamps and bayous will kill off the mosquitoes and with them malaria, and perhaps, yellow fever. So you see, when you look at it right, that this isn't such a bad summer after all, even if vegetables are going to prohibitive prices, and sleep is getting to be hard work. They, the scientists, tell us that the drouth is doing its share, too, in keeping down the supply of mosquitoes, and for that we should be duly thankful.

* * *

Sampson-Schley

THE Sampson-Schley controversy is becoming a nuisance and a bore. The public is well aware of the facts in the case and has made up its mind about the credit due to the chief characters in the fight. To my thinking the best part of the fighting at Santiago was done by the *Oregon*, under Captain Clark, after its journey around half the world. The Navy department should severely discipline any one under its authority who precipitates upon the country a discussion of the honors of the Santiago fight. Such snarling and snapping as we have lately witnessed, is undignified, and to the discredit of the Navy. It makes one more inclined than ever to the belief that the dyed-in-the-wool naval man, hero or otherwise, is about equal parts of martinet, spoiled boy and old woman.

* * *

Makers of the World's Fair

THERE are something like ninety-three directors of the World's Fair. That is enough, if not too many. The Fair must finally be directed and managed by about half a dozen men, the others being reduced to their proper place as figureheads of various sorts. The great trouble with the progress of the work thus far has been the fact that the masterful men among the ninety-three have not emerged from the ruck. The fact is that progress is clogged to some extent by the men who are not big enough for their jobs. There are too many men in the directory who are rattled by having from \$16,000,000 to \$20,000,000 to spend. This is manifest, I am told from the inside, in a feeling against

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large expenditures. There is a petty feeling against paying large salaries to the men who have to do the heavy work. There is an entirely too great conservatism in the matter of spending money. Cost is not a condition that is met in any generous spirit and is considered altogether as being a superior matter to results. Of course no one wants to see money wasted, but then there is no such thing as attaining the spectacular magnificence one associates with a World Fair by figuring as closely as one would in building a warehouse or a livery stable. The World's Fair money is in danger of being held too tight, and if that be the case, the scope of the thing will be miserably narrowed and a damper will be put upon the spirit of the men who are to do the work. A great World's Fair cannot be produced from picayunish sources. That is as plain as day. The only way to avoid the dominance of the picayunes is to relegate them to the rear. The Fair must be handled by the men who are used to doing big things and who know that the best quality of brains necessary to the success of such an enterprise cannot be obtained on any salary basis such as has been established in connection with important appointments heretofore made or now under discussion. There is no particular need to be more specific in this matter, but it may be said that an efficient Director General can be secured, and secured out of the membership of the World's Fair directory, if only parsimony will be choked off and the salary be made an inducement. It is time, indeed, that the dead wood in the directory should be gotten out of the way, and a few men with courage enough to go ahead with the undertaking in a spirit looking more to the splendid end than narrowly to the sordid means, be put forward to urge matters more persistently forward. The World's Fair is a business enterprise, but it is an imaginative business enterprise. That is to say, it is an enterprise that calls for imaginative creation first and when such a creation is conceived it must be gone ahead with regardless of cheese-paring and petty saving. Who are the men in the World's Fair Directory who will fill the requirements herein set forth? Who are the men who will take the great long chances in the work on the strength of their faith in their own ideas? Who are the men who most fully realize the fact that the building and management of a World's Fair are matters to be approached in a broader spirit than is needed in a business to be conducted on narrow margins for profit? There are such men in the World's Fair directory, but have all of them come to the front? Isn't there a patent suspicion in the public mind that there is entirely too much puttering and sputtering and diffusive littleness in Worlds Fair matters? There is a great wealth of futile talk and trifling suggestion emanating from the World's Fair center. There are no big ideas in evidence. It is time that some such ideas should make their appearance, and that the men who are big enough to contain and give off such ideas be put at the helm. It is time that the childishness which characterizes the daily newspaper reports of the progress of the Fair give place to matters that will impress by their importance. The men who have the ideas must be brought to the fore. To that end the editor of the MIRROR purposes in succeeding issues of this paper to go into an analysis of the men who compose the directory, with a view to finding out, if possible, to whom this community and the country-at-large are to look for results commensurate with the opportunity presented. The MIRROR will, under the captain of "Makers of The Fair," undertake the task of "sizing up" the men who are now trying to sift from themselves the men to run the thing. This will necessitate some frank criticisms upon some prominent men who are unused to being criticized, but they will have to "stand the gaff" *pro bono publico*. The MIRROR will simply put in operation an independent weeding-out process and try to bring the responsibility for the affair's success home to the men who will have to furnish the ideas and the character necessary to success. In this way we shall more surely find out who's who than by the indiscriminate plan of the dailies of printing everybody's picture as that of "a leading spirit in the great enterprise." The view of the agglomera-

tion of World's Fair josses may not be pleasing to some of the individual little josses, but it is to the general interest that something be done to get the public eye focused upon the men who are capable of doing things and leave it undistracted by the men who are doing nothing but attitudinizing before the newspaper cameras and talking twaddle to long-suffering reporters. Next week the MIRROR will print its first instalment of its editor's view of the "Makers of the Fair" and the series of articles will make up a pretty just estimate of those leaders who may or may not be entitled to ironic quotation marks about their "leadership."

* * *

The Late Wayman McCreery

THE late Wayman McCreery of St. Louis was one of the men who have mastered the art and knew the joy of living. He was a sort of Admirable Crichton in his way, taking an interest in everything pleasant and lending his talents for the gratification of others no less than using them for his own. He was an expert sportsman, a fine billiardist, a good musician and singer, took a small hand in politics, could paint and draw with no little skill, had sympathy with literature, went in for church work at times, was able to take care of himself as well in a business deal as with the boxing gloves. He was a man of some means and he enjoyed them in a rationally modest manner, being hospitable but not ostentatious. Wherever he could be of use to any cause he was ready to serve to the best of his singularly diversified abilities, and whenever any friend had need of him he was on the spot. His life passed in pleasant ways, but fortune did not spoil him in the least. He was a happy compromise between the idler and the mere money-grubber, and he was very good to meet almost anywhere when one was in the mood for meeting pleasant people. He was not a great force in this community, as commonly that expression might be understood, but he was a great delight to all the people who might be reckoned as great individual forces here. He represented the art and science of being agreeable, of doing what he knew he could do with the best of grace, of helping to make things smooth and easy in every company in which he found himself. All sorts and conditions of people loved him, high and low, tough and gentle, for he was a modest, unassuming good fellow of cheerful spirit and cheering accomplishments. His death comes upon the city as a loss in all its force when it is remembered that he was one of a pleasant coterie of men who had much in common with him, all of whom have passed away within the past two years, "Jim" Lewis, Arthur Lee, Charlie Maffitt and Lester Crawford—men who represented the graces as well as many of the more strenuously serious aspects of life.

* * *

A Stricken Titan

THERE is a pathos beyond the power of words to express in the death of Mrs. Kruger, wife of the President of the South African Republic. The husband is an exile from his country that is swept by ruthless British armies. He is old and worn by his country's miseries, and disheartened by the world's heedlessness of his cause. He has made the struggle of his people the admiration of a world that loves courage. He has fulfilled his threat to make the destruction of the South African republics attain a cost that staggers humanity. He is one of the world's heroes, an immortal as we say. But what is it all to him when the faithful vrow who has been by his side through so many long years lies dead with the whole world between them. They said of Kruger that his wife was the better man. That is true of almost every man of power who has a wife, and because the woman dead at Pretoria, was so close to him, and because her sympathy and intuition and peculiar femininity astuteness were so much to the Lion of South Africa, his helplessness before her taking off is all the more piteous. There seems no doubt that Fate has stricken Oom Paul such a blow as not even Perfidious Albion could deliver. There is reason to believe that the death of the old President's wife will touch the heart that was untameable in hatred of his foes. He is a man of

mediaeval notions of religion, of divine interposition in human affairs, and as it was reported that Mrs. Kruger's voice had latterly been raised for peace, while her husband had opposed it, he may believe that the blow has fallen on him for his obstinacy. It is possible, therefore, that the death of this good old lady may bring the South African war to an end. All of which is, of course, only speculation, but there is nothing of speculation as to the tensity of the tragedy the central figure of which is now the old man at Hilversum, with his country ruined, his countrymen slain and in exile, his old good wife dead, and all his sorrows showing only in a terrible, half-sleepy silence. Surely Paul Kruger has been the most conspicuous of the modern victims of sport of the gods, and crude, uncouth, savage though he be, he is yet a personage about whom some true poet might spin a story to make the world's heart ache for pity, yet thrill for the glory of a man's superiority to "whatever gods there be" in his own sureness of himself, for centuries to come.

* * *

Not Typical

AND now Mrs. Frank Leslie is a baroness—Baroness de Bazus. The information mitigates somewhat the terrible torridity of the time. Mrs. Frank Leslie is one of the most gifted women in the world in the matter of maintaining a prominence without any excuse therefor. She is a literary lady who has never literated, a society leader who has never led if she has ever been in society, an arbitress of taste, who sometimes wears diamonds profusely in the day time, a thinker who has been more thinkless than any one who ever pretended to thought. Just how she becomes a baroness we are not told, but that is not the important question. What the world would like to know is how such persons and their meaningless sayings and preposterous doings get into the newspapers and on the press wires. Mrs. Leslie, or Baroness de Bazus, is undoubtedly of paramount importance to herself, but of what importance is she to the world at large? Her husband—not Willie Wilde but Frank Leslie—was a smart man with a slight "blot i' the 'scutcheon," but this lady for the past ten or twelve years has been figuring in the papers in a way to lead many to suppose she was a great woman. She has not done anything very bad, but she has been a grievance to the judicious in her four-ring-circus advertisement of herself in a thousand different ways. She has been referred to as "a typical and influential American woman." She may be anything or many things, but not that. Mrs. Leslie is of the tribe of the dough-chasers. She has put up an elaborate, over-colored, obese pretense of various kinds of distinction and has fascinated some small coteries of her half-baked sisters, but that is all. Now she is a baroness, but her title of de Bazus should be changed so as to be onomatopoetically appropriate. She should call herself the Baroness de Bazoo. And no writer outside of the "bug house" should refer to her as "a typical and influential American woman." The typical American woman does not blow herself up as this person does at every opportunity.

* * *

Banishes a Terror

DR. KOCH, the tuberculosis expert has shocked the medical world, by declaring that there is no danger whatever of the infection of human beings from the consumption of the milk or meat from tuberculosis-infected cattle. This puts an end to a big scare. It will put an end to a number of soft snaps in the cities of the world, for if there be no danger of infection from milk there will be no need for milk inspectors. Dr. Koch insists that tuberculosis is transmitted from one human being to another chiefly by means of the dried sputum of the afflicted. Mankind must look to itself rather than to the cows for the cause of the great white plague. Dr. Koch is such high authority that his word will be quite generally accepted. The world will be grateful to him for removing a great dread. If meat and milk are no longer under a terrible suspicion of deadliness, we should breathe easier. Honor to the scientist who takes from not adds to the terrors of life.

Uncle Fuller.

The Mirror

"THE ROAD TO RIDGEBY'S."

ABOUT A NOTABLE POSTHUMOUS NOVEL.

ABOUT a posthumous work of one whom you have known in the flesh there is always something pathetic. Here is the thing wrought by the hand you clasped but the other day: the hand itself is now dust. The writing stays; the writer goes. Sometimes, as the years pass, the writing, too, joins the innumerable army of the things forgotten. But this, I think, will not soon happen in the case of the novel that the late Frank Burlingame Harris left as a legacy. Perhaps my view is tinged by kindly memories. Perhaps the general public will never follow "The Road to Ridgeby's" with as much sympathy as will those who knew Frank Harris himself. But I think the chances of my being biased are none too great; I have never yet allowed my friendships or my enmities to interfere with my judgment. Because a man is or was my friend I have never simply, for that reason, been able to call his black white. When I assert that "The Road to Ridgeby's" is a fine book, one of the cheeriest, best-written stories of the Middle West in its rural aspect, I am casting aside all thought of Frank Harris, the author; I judge merely the book. Contrasting it with the work of the others who have wrought in the Iowa vineyard, Mr. Hamlin Garland and Octave Thanet, one comes to the conclusion that "The Road to Ridgeby's" lies nearest the truth, and is, consequently, the best art. Actual comparison, to be sure, is possible, only as against Mr. Garland's "Main Traveled Roads." Octave Thanet has devoted herself almost exclusively to the depiction of middle class life in the prosperous towns of Iowa, Davenport specifically. Where she touches farm life at all she invests it with a purely romantic charm that were equally as effective in a mediæval setting. Mr. Garland, on the other hand, really did give us the very air and color of the bitter things in Western farm life. But he leavened it with no hint of the sweet that is in the actual. Nature is never one-sided. The stories in "Main Traveled Roads" were unrelieved by humor or light. They were tragedies, sheer and naked. Their tone was the tone of Mr. Markham's "Man With The Hoe." They pictured despair and discontent; content and success were altogether left out of the picture. Nature, I repeat, has too grand a gamut to make the omissions Mr. Garland does. Mr. Garland, I dare say, in his role of veritist, long since thinks himself superior to Nature; he has his school and his following, and I am content to let them monopolize the notion that he can do no wrong. I do not laud "The Road To Ridgeby's" above "Main Traveled Roads" simply because it is a pleasanter road. Mr. Frank Harris' book is simply and unmistakeably the truer, the more natural, the nearer to the real life of the Iowa plains. That life has its shadows, but it has its lights also; Mr. Harris gives us both. He paints the scenes and sounds of the Iowa farmlands lovingly and tenderly; he gives us a story and a set of characters that we follow with zest and liking to the very end. He uses the plainest figures for his painting. We all know the story of the mortgage on the farm, and the daughter who is sacrificing herself for its sake by a marriage to a skinflint suitor. We know the stock village characters; we have met them all before, in the rustic comedy, ay, even in the comic papers. Yet Mr. Harris makes us oblivious to the homeliness of his materials. He leads us along the road to Ridgeby's almost with the sure fascination that pointed out the Roman road. Indeed, I am inclined to think that, wide apart as are the methods of the two men, Mr. Harris, the natural, ungainly American stripling, had caught something from the sophisticated fineness of Mr. Kenneth Graham, the Englishman. The basic notion of the mystery of his hero's coming and dwelling upon "the road" is quite in the notion of "The Roman Road." The beginning and the close of this novel are in the best manner of all, the truly romantic, and nothing in the sure fidelity to nature that informs the whole story can blind us to that. Playing battledore and shuttle-

cock with the words "realism" and "romance" is one of the most senseless of occupations, but for readers who like that sort of thing, I will say that Mr. Frank Harris gives, in "The Road to Ridgeby's," the virtues of both methods. The main plan of his story is in the sheerly romantic vein; the painting of the life and the people upon an Iowa farm, their speech, their toil, and their rare pleasures, is realism at its best, its kindliest. We may quarrel with Mr. Harris' time-honored device of the Vassar girl on the Iowa farm, but we must allow that his tactful appreciation of the romantic values keeps him from ever allowing the most familiar situations or the most hackneyed personages to become commonplace. He has that saving grace, a vigorous, vital, personal style. It is a style made up of short, almost staccato sentences. When you come to analyze this style it seems like no style at all. You may make it appear jerky. You may tell yourself it is too much like the product of a city-editor who has told his men to "be bright and snappy." But when you are reading it "in the altogether" the effect is smooth and admirably fitted to the painting of this fine bit of open-air scenery. Take this brief bit of description and you will see what I mean by the semblance of jerkiness, and the effect of smoothness:

"After dinner Newton hitched the team to the mower and started for the hay field. . . . He let down a pair of bars, drove through a pasture and into a field of waving timothy. He stopped his horses a moment and looked around him. The tufted grass was bowing salutes to the sun all about him. It swayed and bent and tossed and became erect again as the wind whispered over it, sending up a breath of perfume that Newton drank in with a sigh. Grasshoppers everywhere leaped from stalk to stalk and filled the air with their grating song. One of them lighted on his hand. He aroused himself from the half reverie into which he had fallen and flicked it off. He drew up the lines, let down the bar and called to his horses. They strained against the collars, the knives creaked and crashed and the serried ranks of hay began to prostrate themselves as Oriental slaves at the approach of a master. The rattle of the knives as he drove round and round drowned out all other sounds and reared in his ears until he scarcely heard it. . . ."

The man's realism, his inescapable drift to romance, and his style—they are all in that passage.

I hope for this book something better than to hear it called "another David Harum." It has no points upon which you can possibly hang a comparison to that book. It is not a one-part story; it has a plot, its scenes move as fitly and smoothly as in a well-ordered play, and it is, in fine, an admirable bit of composition, both in the writing and the painting sense of the term. The general public, I think, will like the book simply for the fine, kindly, pleasant story it is; writing folk will find in it many proofs of the author's strong sense of form and expression. Only between the authors of "David Harum" and "The Road To Ridgeby's" is there any comparison; not between the works themselves. Both men died before their novels saw the light.

To me, I admit frankly, "The Road to Ridgeby's" came as a surprise. The Frank Harris I had known in the old days had not seemed as strong a man as that. I had read his "Pleasure Pilgrimage," the book he wrote as the result of a trip with some American excursionists in the Mediterranean. It was rather tiresome. The humor was weak, there was no style to speak of, and the shadow of Mark Twain was over the whole business. Yet, now that I realize that the rather stupid little volume is by the author of "The Road to Ridgeby's" I treasure quite highly the copy in which poor Frank Harris wrote his name for me. Ah, as Mulvaney says, "them days, them days!" They were days when Belford's Magazine, with all its memories of Edgar Fawcett and Edgar Saltus, was living, in Chicago, the living death which is the lot of Chicago periodicals. Genial Mr. Belford himself, where is he now, I wonder? Cultivating vines, I hope, in California, or some further heaven. Aided by a delightful—an almost impossible—aristocrat, a count, a French nobleman, Mr. Belford was striv-

ing to make his magazine breast the counter-tides of Chicago. It was in those days that I met Frank Harris. A tall, raw, ungainly, hearty youth. Somewhat loud of voice, yet combining the scholarly with the robust in the curious way found only in the Western American. After he came from his European trip I think he wore glasses. The English Frank Harris had written a book of stories about Kansas—I forgot the name, "Elder . . . Something or other." It was a matter of jest with us in the rooms of the Chicago Press Club to twit our Frank Harris with the doings of the Englishman, the man who ran the *Saturday Review*, a hotel in Monte Carlo, and has more lately written one of London's many sex-plays, and begun publication of a weekly called *The Candia Friend*. It was the existence of the English Frank Harris that drove our Harris to sign himself Frank Burlingame Harris. His *Calumet Magazine* lived briefly, but it served as a stimulus to conversation and dreams. Its pages held short stories by Harris, in which one may now find the germs of this fine novel he was to leave the world as a deathbed message. Opie Read was a contributor, and many others. In the circle that exchanged brave fairy tales with the author of "A Kentucky Colonel," Frank Harris was no unimportant member. In one of the closing numbers of *Belford's*, I think there was an article on the Press Club of Chicago, done by Frank Harris. Ah yes, "them days, them days!"

And now Mr. Forrest Crissey, in a tender preface, tells us of Frank Harris' death, and of his having known that "The Road to Ridgeby's" would see print, though he was never to see it in print himself. Frank Harris was little more than a boy when he died, yet he had written this book. Perhaps he would have gone on, doing better and better. Perhaps he would never have passed this highwater mark. But, at any rate, he died with a pleasant thought as his solace, the thought that his best, and his most essential, the bouquet of his intellect, was to live after him. We need not pity, we should rather envy him.

"The Road to Ridgeby's" is a book that no man need be ashamed to have written.

Percival Pollard.



PRAYER AND RAIN-MAKING.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON OFFICIAL OFFICIAL RELIGION.

THE only thoroughly rational comment on Governor Dockery's rain-making proclamation I have seen is made in the current issue of a Missouri country newspaper whose editor, a manly man with ideas and principles of his own, Governor Dockery has been at pains to "placate." Such men are feared by politicians and beyond saying that Governor Dockery is a politician, that he issued his proclamation as a politician and that possibly he winked when he did so, I do not wish to touch further on that phase of what seems to me a subject that ought to be treated with reverence.

In touching it all, I ought to say at the start that the whole theory of Buckle, so often repeated at second hand in this connection, seems to me illogical and radically unscientific. If we suppose in the Universe a Rational Power which is capable of governing it, which is self-conscious and conscious of the Whole which depends on Itself, then it is as logical to pray for rain as it is to pray for virtue or manliness. The directions of the winds, the amount of aqueous vapor which a current in one direction will bring, the temperature of another current necessary to precipitate the aqueous vapor—these and all the phenomena of atmospheric conditions are complex, but much less so than the almost infinite complications of the mental and moral existence of the human mind and of human society. The most difficult thing I can imagine as confronting Omnipotence is that of making such an American as I am myself, decent and civilized, and of making such a society as manifests itself in the depraved politics, with which I am familiar, decent and civilized. If I could dare pray to Omnipotence to take from me the desire to take advantage in business, to defraud in politics,

to use such intellectual power as I may have for putting down and holding down the weak that I myself may seem to be the greater—if I might dare pray to become actually civilized and actually free, so that I may call myself, without a lie an American, free himself because he loves the rights and liberties of others as well as his own; if I could hope for the help of Omnipotence to give me the courage those have had who preferred death, to prevent the oppression of weakness, to joining through weakness in the wrongs committed as a result of the corrupt and rapacious desire of their generation to establish lordship over those who are incapable of effective resistance—then prayer that a cold current may be deflected to strike one charged with aqueous vapor and precipitate it, would seem to me a small matter.

If there is no God in the Universe, then Buckle is logical, his position is the only scientific position and the only logic I can imagine in the Universe is that of existing conditions and of the logical, if formidable, results they involve. Why should not ballot-boxes be stuffed, why should not returning boards be established, why should not violence take the place of persuasion and gentleness in religion, why should not morals become depraved, why should not the salaried ministers of religion proclaim from the pulpit that the will of God is expressed in rifle bullets, why should not I myself employ such knowledge of politics as I have, if it be greater than theirs, to use what seems to me to be their inexperienced loquacity for my own selfish purposes—if the only reality is that of Cant, the only object worth pursuing, Advantage?

These are real and practical questions. They are the root of the whole matter. And the country editor who is supplying my text goes to the root of the matter when he writes this in answer:

The prayer that reaches the Almighty is not voiced in words; is not beflowered with ornate phrases. It comes welling from the heart, and ascends to the Throne of Grace, unformulated by the vocal organs, and unpropelled by lung power. The man who aspires to be a better man to-morrow than he is to-day; who resolves to sink self in the betterment of his fellow man, prays; prays sincerely and earnestly. The man, who, dismayed by the conditions around him—concerned with the earthly things that threaten for a time his ease and comfort—certainly does not pray on the higher plane. His prayer is, in its very nature, a prayer of instruction as well as of solicitation; for if "He doeth all things well," who are we to question the end or the means that he has set toward that end? Next Sunday, no doubt, thousands of sincere prayers will resound in the churches in answer to the Governor's proclamation, but what will all of them weigh in comparison with the silent prayer of the mother for the welfare of the soul of her sleeping infant? The official authority of the Governor of the great State of Missouri to the contrary, notwithstanding!

All this I believe. It is not Cant and no one who reads it can mistake it for Cant.

It is the law of the human intellect—never to be escaped or evaded—that its growth and strength depend on something that is not a matter of mere knowledge or experience.

The knowledge of natural phenomena, the accumulation of material for thought, may be vast in any given case, but in the proportion of its extent, we must have a corresponding moral growth or it cannot be used. The concentration of attention necessary for the co-ordination of the almost infinite number of facts which must be co-ordinated before a correct scientific generalization is possible, is not possible for any mind which does not, in health, through nerves capable of standing the strain which intellectual concentration puts upon them.

It is obviously intended that men shall control the laws of nature within the limitations of their finally determined intention to use them for other purposes than their own sensual gratification—their own selfish advantage. We have knowledge enough already accumulated to regulate the natural conditions which govern crops, if we had the power of concentration necessary to co-ordinate it. But if we can imagine a man with this power under such political, social and moral conditions as we are creating in Missouri, we must necessarily imagine that he would find the whole of the forces of these conditions against him and that, hav-

ing an intelligence and a power beyond them, he would see that whatever increase of power, and of the money which is its incident, would come from his work, would be used to thwart his purposes and to increase the oppression of the weak, the degradation of the helpless, the corruption and the consequent suffering of the strong,

If we can imagine such men as created out of the common intellect we ourselves help to create, we can hardly think of them as praying for rain rather than for an improvement in moral forces and of intellectual conditions which moral forces create.

If such men could not pray effectively without a proclamation from the Governor, they would naturally pray for a Governor sincere, virtuous, brave, devoted to the interests of the commonwealth rather than to his own, and ready to sacrifice his own advancement at every crisis to secure the possibilities of moral and intellectual progress, of civilization in all its motives and manifestations, to his state. They would pray for business men capable of the "enlightened selfishness" (if such a thing be imaginable,) which will never take more than it gives. They would pray for ministers of the gospel, who, instead of using their pulpits for the purposes of those who make the largest contributions to their salaries, would busy themselves wholly with "spiritual things" and "a kingdom not of this world" instead of setting up their ex-cathedra judgments in ward politics, State politics, National politics or international politics. They would pray for political leaders who lead forward and not backward, who are not to be made the tools of their own petty ambitions or of their still more degraded desire to be "taken in on the ground floor" of the commercial combinations they are now so ready to denounce until they are "placated."

If a proclamation for such prayer were issued from Jefferson city, it might be as eminently "un-Democratic" as the late rainmaking travesty of official religion. But if we cannot pray without proclamations, who will venture to attempt publicly to prove on the evidence, that this is not really the kind of political praying we most need? If we are to have an establishment of religion, and proclamations addressed to Christians, rather than to Jews, Greeks, and that great majority of us who dare not claim the name of "Christian" when we set our lives against the creed of mercy, gentleness, unselfishness and manly courage, then why not pray officially for decency and civilization as well as for rain?

Fielding Lewis.



THE PROBATIONER.

A NEW, IMPORTANT STATE OFFICER.

NOT often do newly-created State offices or officers really fill "a long felt want." As a general thing the State has too many offices and twice too many officials to fill them. In the case, however, of the Probationer, recently nominated by the State Board of Charities, there seems nothing to cavil about—that is, as regards the office. Of the appointee the writer knows nothing, but takes it for granted that he is the right man in the right place until he proves himself unworthy.

It is his duty (to quote the *Globe-Democrat* of a recent issue):

"To investigate the environments, past conduct and general character of children under 16 years of age who may be arrested, and to be present at the hearing of these cases to report such facts as he may have gathered to the trial judge. He is also supposed to look after the child during the legal proceedings and when the prisoner is placed on probation to watch him carefully. He may recommend at the end of the probationary period that the sentence imposed be stricken from the records or he may bring the child into court at any time and have the sentence enforced. His recommendations should be based on the child's conduct."

There is nothing, it seems to me, that the State is more called upon to watch and protect than her youth, no class that she should deal with more carefully, tenderly, justly and mercifully, and this Probation officer who is to investi-

gate "environments and past conditions" is an appointee within the line of the State's highest duty.

Too often a boy, like "poor Tray," gets into bad company and is judged and sentenced simply upon the bare, bald, cold fact of his indiscretion. That he is the son, perhaps, of a weak mother and a drunken father makes no difference. The boy is one of a dozen or so "cases," there is no doubt of his crime, his mother confesses that "she can't do nothing" with him and the neighbors cheerfully and unanimously testify that he is incorrigible. So off to the "Refuge" or Reform School goes poor Jack Gamin, there to have his mischievous eyes opened to more real crime and human possibilities of vice than he had ever before dreamed of.

The soil of his poor, neglected, vice-inherited heart and soul is all that is propitious for the seed-germs of greater evils and blacker deeds. Once sentenced for a crime, however small, is to take his place in the so-called "criminal class" and he doggedly accepts the valuation the State has put upon him. Once in awhile a boy raises above this and retrieves the sins of his elders (for it is more than his own in nearly all "first offenses") but generally the Reform School is only a preparatory department for more advanced classes in crime.

Boys will hold communication with each other and no matter how strictly the officers may enforce the rule that separates grades of crime, there is a free-masonry among them that communicates in spite of rules and guards. The vicious degenerate, who tries to murder his baby sister for crying, hobnobs with the cigarette fiend who revels in obscene actions and vile practices and they in turn touch shoulders with some poor, little Jack Gamin whose bad companionship has lead him into crime. The moral atmosphere is reeking with vile suggestions and the boy learns. His "long, long thoughts" stray into forbidden paths and while he does his stunt at the shoe-bench or in the carpenter's shop, and his fingers learn a useful trade, only God knows how fast his soul is assimilating crime.

So here is where the Probationer should come in not as the agent of justice but the pleader of mercy. If there is any chance, any ghost of a chance—and there almost always is in a young soul—for a good manhood or decent womanhood, he should see that that chance is given and the boy or girl has an opportunity to retrieve before he or she is enrolled as a member of the criminal class. Punish, by all means, but let his own good behavior save Jack Gamin from the brand of "the class" wherever it is possible.

We do so much with culture these days. We take the rank, poisonous Jamestown weed, give it different environments, a new soil, another atmosphere and grow it into a thing of beauty, a show flower, for our gardens and conservatories—isn't a child's soul worth the same experiment?

From a purely economical standpoint the office of Probationer should net the state the best of returns. His mission, I take it, is not to make a record by increasing the number to be punished, but rather to sift out and decrease the average of youthful malefactors. Every child who retrieves himself and has his fine remitted is one less to be boarded at the State's expense, he is one more who has a chance for a better manhood. Perhaps it is the one needed opening for his soul's development into a higher life that he might never have had otherwise.

And so the Probationer becomes a sort of missionary and it is within his scope to do more and finer missionary work than can probably ever enter into the possibilities of the authorized evangelist. His peculiar position of middle-man between the child and the State provides an unique field with glorious advantages. He has the time and the authority to gather facts that the neighbors who complain and the officers who arrest would never discover.

Within his hands lies the power that can bring about conviction or show the clemency that will save. He is not the judge but he is the attorney whose accumulation of evidence must formulate the verdict. Even the judge cannot go behind him. He ought to be a very fine man—this Probationer.

Frances Porcher.

HESPERIDES.

FOR STANTON PEELE.

WHAT dim land with an ancient spell
Holds you by its seas?
There, surely, hang the heavy boughs
Of lost Hesperides;

And coolly falls the twilight time
When solemn sunsets fail
Into the dark of ages gone,
And the great white stars prevail.

Strewn with poppies do you dream,
And are you happy there?
Forgetful of all days that were,
Perplexed no more with care;

Or, like a stealthy, phantom thing,
Does the old unrest
Walk by you with its hollow call
To some far hopeless quest;

Or, drowsed at burning tide of noon
With the azure of the sky,
Or, standing by the shaken shore
Where the breakers beat and die;

Does one face glow upon the air
With its old, faint, weary smile,
And one low voice call with the sea
To bring you peace awhile?

So through the haze of lighted noon
And twilights dim and blue,
From this grey, lonely place I send
A far dream-cry to you.

Wilbur Underwood.

THE YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

A SET OF RULES FOR HER GUIDANCE.

NEVER weep in the presence of your husband. Weeping either irritates him or makes him feel helpless. If he is helpless, he is provoked with himself; if irritated, with you.

Don't show him all the letters you receive. He does not show you all of his. Undoubtedly he believes in reciprocity.

Don't ask questions. He will tell you voluntarily what he wants to. The rest you couldn't drag from him.

Don't explain. Explanations are tiresome. If you make mistakes, profit by them and say nothing.

Always be appreciative and responsive. If he buys you a diamond ring, don't remind him that you need new shoes. Put the ring on your hand and wear a smile. The shoes will come later.

Suggest, don't demand. Remember the fable of the horse and the watering-trough.

Let him smoke in the drawing-room if he wants to. The house is his, too.

Don't black his boots. The servants are paid to do that. Darn his socks once in awhile, gracefully and as neatly as you can, but do it as a favor or a joke.

Don't nag. There is always a woman who doesn't.

Don't be vacillating, even in the smallest matters. If you agreed to lunch at Sherry's at half past one, don't telephone him that you prefer the Waldorf. His mind is made up for Sherry's.

Make him understand by the surest means at command that he is the finest man in the world, but never let him forget that there are others almost as fine.

Dress to please him, as you used to when he was courting you.

Remember that little things count with him more than big ones. Yield in small matters. Hold to your principles.

Don't indulge in bursts of confidence. You may regret them. What is unsaid can never be afterwards used in argument.

The Mirror

Cultivate the humorous point of view. Life may be a tragedy. Treat it as a comedy.

Be as logical and fair-minded as you can be.

If you are jealous, give him the benefit of the doubt. He will secretly thank you.

Be loyal to him before your family and your friends, no matter what happens. Don't discuss him. He doesn't discuss you.

Don't shirk your responsibilities.

Never try to make him jealous. It isn't fair, and it doesn't pay.

Never let him feel his complete power over you. Keep your individuality. Men want what they can't get.

Keep him your lover, if you can—always expectant, never disappointed.

Carolyn Shipman, in *New York Life*.

ADVERTISING NUISANCE.

HOW THE BRITISH REDUCE IT TO A MINIMUM.

THERE is manifest in many cities a growing sentiment against the nuisance phase of the advertising business and a demand for the regulation of bill boards and other public advertising devices. The disfigurement of cities by signs is a fact too patent to be expatiated upon. The disfigurement of the prettiest scenery in the country, too, has been commented upon by everyone who has ever traveled. Advertising of this aggressively disfiguring sort can be restricted. The best proof that it can be restricted is that it has been done. In England there is a limit beyond which the advertiser may not go without being brought up hard against the law. The *New York Tribune*, which paper has been leading in a fight to prevent disfigurement of scenery about the metropolis and to check the horrors of rampageous advertising in the city, tells what the English have accomplished.

That a limit has been set to the flaring, offensive advertising is largely due to the public sentiment which was crystallized eight years ago in the formation of a national organization. This is the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising—a title too unwieldy for frequent use, and therefore popularly shortened by coining the word "Scapa" from its initial letters.

The society declares its purpose to be "the protection of the picturesque simplicity of rural scenery and the promotion of a regard for dignity and propriety of aspect in towns, with especial reference to the abuses of spectacular advertising." It seeks, first, then, to procure legislation whereby local representative bodies will be enabled to exercise control by means of by-laws, and, second, it regards with favor, and has sought to secure, "the imposition of a moderate tax or duty, for imperial local purposes, on exposed advertisements that are not obviously necessary notices."

In urging the bestowal of further powers of local control, it was thought best that the degree of restraint should be allowed to depend upon the varying requirements of different places. No particular class of advertisements was proscribed, nor was a general prohibition of posters on temporary boardings contemplated. Rather, a general bill was drafted, which gave to the "local authorities" of Great Britain—district and borough councils and the London county council—the power to make by-laws for regulating, restricting or prohibiting the exhibition of advertisements that challenge attention on a public way; for compelling the removal or discontinuance of such advertisements and for enforcing the removal within a given time of those so placed or erected before the making of the by-laws as to be in contravention to these laws. The power of relief which was thus granted was great, but the extent to which it would anywhere be availed of was left to the local authority, and the public opinion brought to bear.

The by-laws adopted are too many to enumerate, revealing a widespread arousing of intelligent public interest. Flashing electric signs are prohibited in various places. In several cities, including Manchester, all hoardings belonging to the improvement committee were freed from advertisements. London adopted a sky sign act, and there and in Glasgow advertising transparencies were ejected from the municipal trams, Glasgow sacrificing an offer of £4,000 (\$19,200) a year that was made for the privilege of placing them. One of the railroad companies was induced to re-

move the maze of advertisements from its station platforms. The placards on the pier at Eastbourne were taken away, and at Rhyl the council refused to license a theater on the pier simply because the outside wall was let for an advertisement. At Richmond an effort to secure at an extravagant price the use of an island in the river for advertising purposes was defeated. And these are only selections from a long catalogue of prompt achievements.

THE IMITATOR.

A NOVEL.

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CHAPTER XVII

PROFESSOR VANLIEF lost no time in inventing an excuse for his immediate departure. Jeannette would be well looked after. He got a few necessities together and started for Framley Lodge. After some delay he obtained an interview with the distinguished patient.

"Try," urged Vanlief, "to tell me when this illness came upon you. Was it after your curtain-speech at the end of last season?"

Wantage looked with blank and futile eyes. "Curtain-speech? I made none."

"Oh, yes. Try to remember! It made a stir, did that speech of yours. Try to think what happened that day!"

"I made no speech. I remember nothing. I am Wantage, I think. Wantage. I used to act, did I not?" He laughed, feebly. It was melancholy to watch him. He could eat and drink and sleep; he had the intelligence of an echo. Each thought of his needed a stimulant.

Vanlief persisted, in spite of melancholy rebuffs. There was so much at stake. This man's whole career, was at stake. And, if matters were not mended soon, the evil would be under way; the harm would have begun. It meant loss, actual loss now, and one could scarcely compute how much ruin afterwards. And he, Vanlief, would be the secret agent of this ruin! Oh, it was monstrous! Something must be done. Yet, he could do nothing until he was sure. To meddle, without absolute certainty, would be criminal.

"What do you remember before you fell ill?" he repeated.

"Oh, leave me alone!" said Wantage. "Isn't the doctor bad enough, without you. I tell you I remember nothing. I was well, and now I am ill. Perhaps it was something Orson Vane gave me at supper that night, I don't remember—"

"At supper? Vane?" The Professor leaped at the words.

"Yes. I said so, didn't I? I had supper in his rooms, and then—"

But Vanlief was gone. He had no time for the amenities now. His age seemed to leave him as his purpose warmed, and his goal neared. All the fine military bearing came out again. The people who traveled with him that day took him for nothing less than a distinguished General.

At the end of the day he reached Vane's town house. Nevins was all alone there; all the other servants were on the *Beaurivage*. The man looked worn and aged. He trembled visibly when he walked; his nerves were gone, and he had the taint of spirits on him.

"Mr. Vanlief, sir," he whined, "it'll be the death of me, will this place. First he buys a yacht, sir, like I buy a 'at, if you please; and now I'm to sell the furniture and all the antics. These antics, sir, as the master 'as collected all over the world, sir. It goes to me 'eart."

Vanlief, even in his desperate mood, could not keep his smile back. "Sell the antiques, eh? Well, they'll fetch plenty, I've no doubt. But if I were you I wouldn't hurry; Mr. Vane may change his mind, you know."

"Ah," nodded Nevins, brightening, "that's true, sir. You're right; I'll wait the least bit. It's never too soon to do what you don't want to, eh, sir? And I gives you my word, as a man that's 'ad places with the nobility, sir, that

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the last year's been a sad drain on me system. What with swanning, sir, and letters I wouldn't read to my father confessor, sir, Mr. Vane's simply not the man he was at all. Of course, if he says to sell the furniture, out it goes! But, like as not, he'll come in here some fine day and ask where I've got all his trappings. And then I'll show him his own letter, and he'll say he never wrote it. Oh, it's a bad life I've led of late, sir. Never knowing when I could call my soul my own."

The phrase struck the Professor with a sort of chill. It was true; if his discovery went forth upon the world, no man would, in very truth, know when he could call his soul his own. It would be at the mercy of every poacher. But he could not, just now, afford reflections of such wide scope; there was a nearer, more immediate duty.

"Nevins," he said, "I came about that mirror of mine."

"Yes, sir. I'm glad of that, sir; uncommon glad. You'll be taking it away, sir? It's bad luck I've had since that bit of plate come in the house."

"You're right. I mean to take it away. But only for a time. Seeing Mr. Vane's thinking of selling up, perhaps it's just as well if I have this out of the way for a time, eh? Might avoid any confusion. I set store by that mirror, Nevins; I'd not like it sold by mistake."

"Well, sir, if you sets more store by it than the master, I'd like to see it done, sir. The master's made me life a burden about that there glass. I've had to watch it like a cat watches a mouse. I don't know now whether I'd rightly let you take it or not." He scratched his head, and looked in some quandary.

"Nonsense, Nevins. You know it's mine as well as you know your own name. Didn't you fetch it over from my house in the first place, and didn't you pack it and wrap it under my very eyes?"

"True, sir; I did. My momory's a bit shaky, sir, these days. You may do as you like with your own, I'll never dispute that. But Mr. Vane's orders was mighty strict about the plaguey thing. I wish I may never see it again. It's been, 'Nevins, let nobody disturb the new mirror!' and 'Nevins, did anyone touch the new mirror while I was gone?' and 'Nevins, was the window open near the new mirror?' until I fair feel sick at the sight of it."

"No doubt," said the professor, impatiently. "Then you'll oblige me by wrapping it up for shipping purposes as soon as ever you can. I'm going to take it away with me at once. I suppose there's no chance of Mr. Vane dropping in here before I bring the glass back, but, if he does, tell him you acted under my orders."

"A good riddance," muttered Nevins, losing no time over his task of covering and securing the mirror. "I'll pray it never comes this way again," he remarked.

The professor, after seeing that all danger of injury to the mirror's exposed parts was over, walked nervously up and down the rooms. He would have to carry his plan through with force of arms, with sheer impertinence and energy of purpose. It was an interference in two lives that he had in view. Had he any right to that? But was he not, after all, to blame for the fact of the curious transmutation of soul that had left one man a mental wreck, and stimulated the other's forces to a course of life out of all character with the strivings of his real soul? If he had not tempted Orson Vane to these experiments, Arthur Wantage would never be drooping in the shadow of collapse, and in danger of losing his proper place in the roll of prosperity. Vanlief shuddered at thought of what an unscrupulous man might not do with this discovery of his; what lives might be ruined, what successes built on fraud and theft? Fraud and theft? Those words were foul enough in the material things of life; but how much more horrid would they be covered the spiritual realm. To steal a purse in the old dramatic phrase, was a petty thing; but, to steal a soul—Professor Vanlief found himself launched into a whirlpool of doubt and confusion.

He had opened a new, vast region of mental science. He had enabled one man to pass the wall with which nature had hedged the unforeseen forces of humanity. Was he to learn that, in opening this new avenue of psychic faculties, abused the professor up hill and down dale.

activity, he had gone counter to the eternal Scheme of Things, and let in no divine light, but rather the fierce glare of diabolism?

His thoughts traversed argument upon argument while Nevins completed his work. He heard the man's voice, finally, with an actual relief, a gladness at being recalled to the daring and doing that lay before him.

When the Professor was gone, a wagon bearing away the precious mirror, Nevins poured himself out a notably stiff glass of Five-Star.

"Here's hoping," he toasted the silent room, "the silly thing gets smashed into everlasting smithereens!"

And he drowned any fears he might have had to the contrary. This particular species of time-killing was now a daily matter with Nevins; the incessant strain upon his nerves of some months past had finally brought him to the pitch where he had only one haven of refuge left.

The Professor sped over the miles to Framley Lodge. He took little thought about meals or sleep. The excitement was marking him deeply; but he paid no heed to, or was unaware of, that. Arrived at the Lodge a campaign of bribery and corruption began. Servant after servant had to be suborned. Nothing but the well-known fame and name of Augustus Vanlief enabled him, even with his desperate expenditures of tips, to avert the suspicion that he had some deadly, some covertly inimical end in view.

One does not, at this age of the world, burst into another man's house and order that man's servants about, without coming under suspicion, to put it mildly. Fortunately Vanlief encountered, just as his plot seemed shattering against the rigor of the household arrangements, the doctor who was in attendance on Wantage. The man happened to be on the staff of the University where Vanlief held a chair. He held the older man in the greatest respect; he listened to his rapid talk with all the patience in the world. He looked astonished, even uncomprehending, but he shook his shoulders up and down a few times with complaisance. "There seems no possible harm," he assented. "Don't ask me to believe in the curative possibilities, Professor; but—there can be no harm, that I see. He is not to be unduly excited. A mirror, you say? You don't think vanity can send a man from illness to health, do you? Not even an actor can be as vain as that, surely. However, I shall tell the attendants to see that the thing is done as quietly as possible. I trust you, you see, to let nothing detrimental happen. I have to get over to the Port of Pines. I shall give the orders. Goodbye. I wish I could see the result of your little—h'm, notion—but I dare say, to-morrow, will be soon enough.

And he smiled the somewhat condescending smile of the successful practitioner who fancies he is addressing a campaigner whose usefulness is passing.

The setting up of the professor's mirror, so as to face Wantage's sickbed, took no little time, no little care, no little exertion. When it was in place, the professor tiptoed to the actor's side.

"Well," queried Wantage, "what is it? Medicine? Lord, I thought I'd taken all there was in the world. Where is it?"

"No," said the professor, "not medicine. I am going to ask you to look quite hard at that curtain by the foot of the bed for a moment. I have something I think may interest you and—"

As the actor's eyes, in mere physical obedience to the other's suggestion, took the desired direction, Vanlief tugged at a cord that rolled the curtain aside, revealing the mirror, which gave Wantage back the somewhat haggard apparition of himself.

A few seconds went by in silence. Then Wantage frowned sharply.

"Gad," he exclaimed, vigorously and petulantly, "what a beastly bad bit of make up!"

The voice was the voice of the man whom the town had a thousand times applauded as "The King of the Dandies."

An exceedingly bad quarter of an hour followed for Vanlief. Wantage, now in full possession of all his mental

What was he doing there? What business had that mirror there? What good was a covered-up mirror? Where were the servants? The doctor had given orders? The doctor was a fool. Only the mere physical infirmity consequent upon being bedridden for so long prevented Wantage from becoming violent in his rage. Vanlief, sharp as was his sense of relief at the success of his venture, was yet more relieved when his bribes finally got his mirror and himself out of the Lodge. The incident had its humors, but he was too tired, too enervated, to enjoy them. The very moment of Wantage's recovery of his soul had its note of ironic comedy; the succeeding vituperation from the restored actor; Vanlief's own meekness; the marvel and rapacity of the servant—all these were abrim with chances for merriment. But Vanlief found himself, for, perhaps, the first time in his life, too old to enjoy the happy interpretations of life. Into all his rejoicings over the outcome of this affair there crept the constant doubts, the ceaseless questionings, as to whether he had discovered a mine of wisdom and benefit, or a mere addition to man's chances for evil.

His return journey, his delivery of the mirror into Nevins' unwilling care, were accomplished by him in a species of daze.

He had hardly counted upon the danger of his discovery. Was he still young enough to contend with them?

Nevins almost flung the mirror to its accustomed place. He unwrapped it spitefully. When he left the room, the curtain of the glass was flapping in the wind. Nevins heard the sound quite distinctly; he went to the sideboard and poured out a brimming potion.

"I 'opes the wind'll play the Old 'Arry with it," he smiled to himself. He smiled often that night; he went to bed smiling. His was the cheerful mode of intoxication.

Augustus Vanlief reached the cottage in the hills a sheer wreck. He had left it a hale figure of a man who had ever kept himself keyed up to the best; now he was old, shaking, trembling in nerves and muscles.

Jeannette rushed toward him and put her arms around him. She looked her loving, silent wonder into his weary eyes.

"Sleep, dear, sleep," said this old, tired man of science, "first let me sleep."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ORSON VANE, scintillating theatrically by the sea, was in a fine rage when Nevins ceased to answer his telegrams. Telegrams struck Vane as the most dramatic of epistles; there was always a certain pictorial effect in tearing open the envelope, in imagining the hushed expectation of an audience. A letter—pooh! A letter might be anything from a bill to a billet. But a telegram! Those little slips of paper struck immediate terror, or joy, or despair, or confusion; they hit hard, and swiftly. Certainly he had been hitting Nevins hard enough of late. He had peppered him with telegrams about the furniture, about the pictures; he had forbidden one day what he had ordered the day before. It never occurred to him that Nevins might seek escape from these torments. Yet that was what Nevins had done. He had tipped himself into a condition where he signed sweetly for each telegram and put it in the hall-rack. They made a beautiful, yellow festoon on the mahogany background.

"Those," Nevins told himself, "is for a gentleman as is far too busy to notice little things like telegrams."

Nevins watched that yellow border growing daily with fresh delight.

He could keep on accepting telegrams just as long as the sideboard held its strength. Each new arrival from the Western Union drove him to more glee and more spirits—of the kind one can buy bottled.

At last Orson Vane felt some alarm creeping through his armor of dramatic pose. Could Nevins have come to any harm? It was very annoying, but he would have to go to town for a day or so. That seemed unavoidable. Just as he had made up his mind to it, he happened to slip on a bit of lemon-peel. At once he fell into a towering rage.

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He cursed the entire service on the *Beaurivage* up hill and down dale. You could hear him all over the harbor. It was the voice of a profane Voltaire.

That night, at the Casino, his rage found vent in action. He sold the *Beaurivage* as hastily as he had bought her.

He left for town, by morning, full of bitterness at the world's conspiracy to cheat him. He felt that for a careless deck-hand to leave lemon-peel on the deck of the *Beaurivage* was nothing less than part of the world-wide cabal against his peace of mind.

He reached his town-house in a towering passion, all the accumulated ill-temper of the last few days bubbling in him. He flung the housedoor wide, stamped through the halls. "Nevins!" he shouted, "Nevins!"

Nothing stirred in the house. He entered room after room. Passing into his dressing-room he almost tore the hanging from its rod. A gust of air struck him from the wide-open window. Before he proceeded another step this gust, that his opening of the curtain had produced, swung the veil from the mirror facing him. The veil swung up gently, revealed the glass, and dropped again.

Then he realized the figure of Nevins on a couch. He walked up to him. The smell of spirits met him at once.

"Poor Nevins!" he muttered.

Then he fell to further realizations.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



BROWNING'S PROFOUNDEST POEM.

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME."

A"REFLECTION" in last week's MIRROR, in which some fun was made of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's interpretation of "Childe Roland To The Dark Tower Came," as "Browning's profoundest poem," has elicited more than a dozen requests from MIRROR readers that the poem be published in full. Here is the poem. It is, perhaps; needless to say that the MIRROR does not deny the poem's significance, and that the comment in last week's "Reflections" was directed at the "solemncholy" manner of Mr. Higginson's interpretation, published in *Poet Lore*. Readers who are interested in Browningism will decide for themselves what the poem means—for, evidently, it must mean something.

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare
All travellers who might find him posted there,
And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

If at his counsel I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower, yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end deserved,
So much as gladness that some end might be.

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,
What with my search drawn out through years, my hope
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success would bring,—
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

As when a sick man very near to death
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end
The tears, and takes the farewell of each friend,
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath
Freelier outside, ("since all is o'er," he saith,
"And the blow fallen no grieving can amend;")

While some discuss if near the other graves
Be room enough for this, and when a day
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
With care about the banners, scarves and staves:
And still the man hears all, and only craves
He may not shame such tender love and stay.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among "The Band"—to-wit,
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best.
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,
Than, pausing to throw backward a last view
O'er the safe road, 'twas gone; gray plain all round;
Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound,
I might go on; naught else remained to do.

So on I went. I think I never saw
Such starved, ignoble nature, nothing thronged:
For flowers—as well expect a cedar grove!
But cockle, spurge, according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe.
You'd think a burr had been a treasure trove.

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort were the land's portion. "See
Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
"If nothing skills: I cannot help my case:
'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must curse this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped; the bents
Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to balk
All the hope of greenness? 'Tis a brute must walk
Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin, dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
One stiff, blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red, gaunt and colloped neck a-strain,
And shut eyes underneath the rusty main;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art,
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace!
Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

Giles then, the soul of honor—there he stands
Frank as ten years ago, when knighted first.
What honest man should dare (he said) he durst.
Good—but the scene shifts—faugh! what hangman hands
Pin to his breast a parchment? His own bands
Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst!

Better this present, than a past like that;
Back, therefore, to my darkening path again!
No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
I asked: when something on the dismal flat
Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes,
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms;
This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof—to see the wrath
Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and sputres.

So petty, yet so spiteful! All along,
Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;
Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:
The river which had done them all the wrong,
Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

Which, while I forded,—good saints, how I feared
To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!
—It may have been a water rat I speared,
But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.
Now for a better country. Vain passage!
Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage,
Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned tank,
Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage—

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.
What penned them there, with all the plain to choose?
Nor foot-print leading to that horrid mews,
None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk
Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

And more than that—a furlong on—why there!
What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,
Or brake, not wheel,—that harrow fit to reel
Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air
Of Tophet's on earth left unaware,
Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,
Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth
Desperate and done with: (as a fool finds mirth,
Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood
Changes and off he goes!) within a rood—
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

Now blotches rankling, colored gay and grim,
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
Broke into moss or substances like boils;
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

And just as far as ever from the end!
Naught in the distance but the evening, naught
To point my footstep further! At the thought,
A great black bird, Appolyon's bosom-friend,
Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penned
That brushed my cap—perchance the guide I sought.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
'Spite the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains—with such name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it, you!
How to get from them was no clearer case.

Yet, half I seemed to recognize some trick
Of mischief happened to me, God knows when—
In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then,
Progress this way. When, in the very nick
Of giving up, one time more, came a click
As when a trap shuts—you're inside the den!

Burningly it came on me all at once,
Thus was the place! those two hills on the right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;
While to the left, a tall, scalped mountain . . . Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round, squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps?—why day
Came back again for that? before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
"Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!"

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet,
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came."

Nugents

GREATER REDUCTIONS IN Suits, Skirts and Shirt Waists

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

The Third Week of the Clearing Sale and Greater Price Concessions—the response to these offerings should be large.

SKIRTS.

One lot Blue Duck Skirts, made with piped seams and stitched with scalloped flounce, reduced from \$2.50 to	\$1.50
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One lot of White Lawn Waists, new tucking and buttoned in back, pearl buttons, reduced from \$1.75 to.....	\$1.25
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One lot of one and two piece House Dresses of Percale, gingham and lawn, four different styles, all sizes, reduced from \$1.50 and \$3.00 to.....	\$1.00
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One lot of White Lawn Dresses, sizes 4 to 6 years, hemstitched ruffles, some with tucked yokes, others with blouse effects, trimmed with ruffles and bands, all clean and fresh, reduced from \$1.00 and \$1.25 to.....	65c
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One lot of Lawn Dresses in pinks and blues, with fancy white yoke, deep ruffle, edged with lace, Clearing Sale Price.....	95c
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One lot of Girls' Dresses, made from percale, chambray, plaid and striped gingham, all nicely trimmed with embroidery, pique and fancy braid, sizes 6 to 14 years, reduced from \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.95 to	\$1.00
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Second Floor.

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AUTOMOBILES AND STREETS.

THE GOOD INFLUENCE OF THE NEW VEHICLES.

THE number of automobiles in use in St. Louis is increasing. Undoubtedly this increase means that the people who can afford automobiles are actuated to the buying of them by the conviction that something is soon to be done for the streets by the new reform administration. The increase of automobiles is a matter that is going to bring a strong influence to bear for not only better streets, but for better country roads. The whole question of good streets and good roads is apt soon to turn upon the influences that are identified with the automobile interests, and this influence will work also for the benefit of teamsters and team-owners. Mr. George E. Walsh writes an article on this subject in *Harpers Weekly* of July 13th, which puts the matter so clearly that the MIRROR reproduces it for the benefit of the automobilists, teamsters, bicyclists and other users of the St. Louis thoroughfares and as a contribution to the knowledge the administration will need when it buckles down, as soon it must, to the task of putting the St. Louis streets in order for the World's Fair. Mr. Walsh's article follows:

"Profiting by Washington's experience, New York and Boston are rapidly extending their asphalted streets. The automobile interests in the East, which represent hundreds of millions of capital, are forming a movement to have as many miles of street asphalted in the Eastern cities as possible. Their business interests demand this. A peculiar part of this evolution is, that while the automobile is safer and better on the asphalted streets, the horses are handicapped and often rendered useless on it. The truckmen of New York are making strenuous efforts to prevent further asphalting of streets because of the injury to their business. Their horses slip on the pavement so that in rainy weather it is sometimes impossible to drive a heavy load across it.

"The automobilists would prefer the vitrified brick to the asphalt, because this pavement prevents side-slipping, which is sometimes quite unpleasant in wet weather. In turning sharp corners the driver of an electric vehicle finds it sometimes necessary to come almost to a dead halt to get around without slipping, especially on wet and frosty mornings when the asphalt is slippery. The truckmen prefer the bricks to the asphalt also, as it gives more chance for their horses to get along without slipping. The extension of asphalt and vitrified brick pavement is going on so rapidly in New York and Boston that in the near future most of the residential districts will all be provided with this smooth street surface. One reason for this is that it is considered healthier than stone pavements, as dirt cannot be harbored in it, and the noises of the city are reduced to a minimum.

"Incidentally the question of cost must be considered. There are two sides to this. One is that of the cost of putting down and maintaining the pavement, and the other is the cost of operating vehicles over it. The cost of maintaining good asphalt pavement in Washington has been put as low as three cents a square yard per annum. In other cities the cost is a little more, as a rule, on account of the lack of a perfect system and the best repairing machinery. In Europe the cost of keeping asphalt streets in good repair runs all the way from ten to thirty-five cents per yard.

"The other cost, which the automobilist is more concerned in, is that of the relative amount of power required to propel a load over a level stretch of land. The amount of power required to move one ton on a level grade at a speed of three miles an hour is 224 pounds on an ordinary dirt road, 140 pounds on ordinary cobble-stones, 75 pounds on good cobblestone roads, 64 pounds on common macadam, 46 pounds on good stone pavement or very hard, smooth macadam, 36 pounds on good London stone block, and only 17 pounds on asphalt.

"Here is the amount of saving in force that asphalt

represents to the automobilists. The cost of operating an electric vehicle in city streets thus provided with good asphalt pavements is reduced more than one-half. It is, consequently, not altogether the question of comfort that induces the automobilists to ask for better paved city streets, as well as for better country and suburban roads. In fact, the road and street question must ever go hand in hand with automobile movement.

"The automobile clubs in the East have taken the whole matter up this winter, and an organized movement will hereafter be made to secure better street pavements and superior country roads. From the figures which they have compiled from reliable sources, it is demonstrated that money invested in these improved streets and roads would not only be a distinct saving to the automobilists, but to the whole business interests of the country. Expressed in dollars and cents, it is estimated that ten per cent. is actually paid for all money thus invested. In the course of one year a good road or paved city street would save thousands of dollars in horseflesh or fuel. Heretofore the statistician had great difficulty in convincing horse-owners of their saving by good roads. It is not an easy matter to estimate in concrete form how much horseflesh is saved in this way. But now that we are getting down to steam and electric vehicles, it is possible to show precisely the amount saved. One can estimate the expenditure of power to haul a given load a certain distance, and the owner of such vehicle can see the difference expressed in his fuel bill. Thus it is that the modern automobile and autotucks will in time convince city and suburban populations that there is direct economy in good roads, and that it is to the interests of all that we should have them. They should come not only in the country and small towns, but in the cities too. They should be built for light and heavy traffic, and for comfort and pleasure as well as for economy. These are the questions that are seriously considered to-day in the East, and they are vital to the electric trade fully as much as to any other."

The Mirror

SUMMER SHOWS.

AT THE DELMAR.

The heat drove the biggest crowd of the season to the Delmar Garden Sunday night. "El Capitan" kept the people there. Sousa's opera, aided by Agnes Paul, Eddie Clark, Blanche Chapman and others, pleased more than anything that has been done this summer.

And that despite the fact that it was the roughest first night of the season. Miscues galore, lost lines by the dozen, a fainting prima donna and other mishaps were incidents. Francis Boyle guessed at the lines and music of the name part. Sometimes he guessed right, but oftener he guessed wrong and sometimes he gave up altogether and let the other fellow do the guessing.

Poor Miss Millard threw up her hands after her solo in the second act. Temple, the heat and a heavy velvet gown laid her out for the time being and the last half of the act and the entire third act were given without a prima donna. Blanche Chapman, however, came nobly to the rescue and sang the soprano music in the ensembles.

Monday night all was changed. A fine spirited performance was given and the marches and other popular numbers were repeated over and over again.

Boyle is not exactly a shining example of what a comedian should be, but he sings vigorously, his speaking voice is admirably adapted to the part of *El Capitan*, and he acts intelligently.

Fred Frear works hard as *Pozza*. Eddie Clark as *Scarambo* is at his best. Harold Gordon is Sheehanesque in his singing.

John Martin, by clever work, makes a comparatively small part distinguished.

Agnes Paul is the *Estrelada*. In appearance she outshines the other *Estreladas* we have seen, and she dances with sprite-like grace and lightness. She made the hit of the performance.

Miss Millard looks handsome in some hot looking gowns, and sings clearly and tastefully. Blanche, the life saver, is thoroughly at home in the part of the *Princess*.

The chorus people—especially the women,—do fine work.

Ritter has outdone himself on two back "drops" this week.

"El Capitan," as played at the Delmar, should run two weeks at least.

AT THE CAVE.

Again "The Mikado." Moulan's *Ko Ko* is the "greatest ever," and heat makes no difference in the quality or quantity of his work. He bounds about as recklessly as he did at the Music Hall last winter and responds bravely to encores.

Maude Berri sings the *Yum Yum* music with good effect, but cannot quite look a "little maid." The other two maids also failed to live up to the adjective always used in speaking of the trio.

Gertrude Lodge is a good *Katisha*. The favorite comedienne is doing the best singing of her career this summer. Her voice and vocal style have shown decided gain in all the work that she has done.

And now the Cave season ends! Berri was the star, and McNeary the manager—both have wills of their own. And so the clash came!

The Lounger.

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The current week's production of "Rip Van Winkle" by the Maurice Freeman Company is a splendid performance and the excellent patronage is justly earned. For the coming week the bill will be a presentation of the Nethersole version of "Camille," with Miss Nadine Winston in the star part. Mr. Freeman will be the Armand, which fact speaks for itself. The rest of the company will be strongly cast, and a classic rendition of the piece is promised. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

The wonderful Cragg Family, European gymnasts, seen in St. Louis for the first and only time, are drawing crowds at Forest Park Highlands. The Craggs' fine work is so entirely different from that of other acrobats, that it calls for bursts of applause at every performance. These clever people are now in their last tour around the world. D'Ouzo Brothers and Monroe, Mack and Lawrence are good summer attractions. Ga'etti's monkeys are a most pleasing number for the children. Big headliners will be, from now on, a weekly occurrence at the Highlands. Jolly Marie Dressler is the leading star next week. Miss Dressler has always been a great favorite in St. Louis with the gilded youth in the boxes and parquet and the gallery gods. Col. Hopkins is fortunate in securing her. She will duplicate the record-breaking Della Fox week. There are other big things in store.

Several novelties are promised for the Suburban beginning next Sunday. Mary Norman, who has appeared in this city in vaudeville several times before, heads the list. She will be seen in especially good caricatures of society women and parlor entertainers. Press Eldridge, "commander in chief of the army of fun," will be seen in a new monologue. He has one parody that is said to be the best thing of the season in that line. Eddie Girard, formerly of the firm of Donnelly and Girard, appears with pretty Jessie Gardner in a sketch called "The Soubrette and the Cop." The four Juggling Johnsons will be remembered as the best club swingers and tossers in vaudeville. Other clever acts will be those of Herbert and Willing and Chas. McDonald. New art studies will be shown in the prismatic fountain.

Next week, beginning Sunday, July 28th, Manager Southwell will present "The Little Tycoon." This opera lends itself readily to summer presentations in that all its scenes are in the open air. The light, flowing, graceful costumes combined with the catchy, tuneful music, and the excellent rendition of each role, will, the manager assures us, dispel all thoughts of the excessive heat. As each principal in the cast is given a chance for individual distinction, this dainty Japanese production should prove to be the best drawing card ever offered by the Delmar Garden performers.

FRISCO'S CITY OFFICES.

Monday, at eleven o'clock, the new city offices of the Frisco Line were opened to the public. The invitations had been issued by Mr. Zack Mulhall, general live stock agent, Mr. A. D. Leighton, general agent, freight department, and Mr. F. J. Diecke, city passenger and ticket agent. General Passenger Agent Snyder was master of ceremonies, and he, together with Messrs. Mulhall, Leighton and Robert T. Heed, advertising agent, dispensed the hospitality of the company and did it in a regal manner. The interior decorations of the offices are in striking contrast to the building in which they are located. The architects, Messrs. Mariner & Clark, have here conceived and wrought most exquisitely. Their design was to produce something novel in office decorating and they chose a free rendering of the Italian Renaissance style, and chose happily, as is conceded by all who have visited these elegantly appointed offices. The woodwork, of San Domingo mahogany, is of the finest quality. The high-lights of the carving are touched with gold leaf, and all the carving is handwork in elaborate designs. Four large oil paintings, behind

A BOOK OFFER.

SPECIAL TO READERS OF THE MIRROR . . .

Unquestionably the two most popular books of the year are

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "CRISIS," and
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the counter, are a feature of the mural decorations. Mr. F. S. Van Ness, of Chicago, the artist, chose scenes on the Gasconade river, Lancaster Bluff in Arkansas, the Big Piney River, and the Ozark Mountains as his subjects. They are beautifully effective. Four sunburst, cut-glass pendants, each containing nine incandescent lamps, form the ceiling lights, and are much more effective than the usual drop chandelier. Handsome potted palms and rubber plants artistically arranged add to the beauty of the general effect of green and gold, and, in a word, the Frisco people have opened one of the most perfectly equipped offices in the country. These offices are on the southeast corner of Eighth and Olive streets.

• • •

When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored men of the South to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on the porch of a house, but it rapidly outgrew the accommodation, and, in casting about for ampler facilities, he found an old, abandoned hen-house. Finding a venerable darkey idle, he said to him: "Sam you go up to-morrow morning and clean out that old hen-house back of Mr. _____'s house." "Sho'ly Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a hen-house in de day-time?"

• • •

City Boarder—"Tell me, did you ever buy a gold brick, Uncle Josh?" *Uncle Geehaw* (of Hay Corners, disgusted)—"Naw. But I hev bought lots of bricks I thought was gold."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

FRENCH GIRL LIFE.

"The programme of what a French girl may or may not do, is drawn up very precisely," declares Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc,) in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for July. "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that novel-reading is a rare exception. She is entirely subject to her parents' will in the matter of reading. And if she asks to see anything at the theatre except a classical masterpiece, or an opera, they will tell her that such a thing is not considered proper, feeling sure of her silent submission. After she is fifteen years old she is generally allowed to be in the drawing-room on her mother's reception days, but must keep to the modest and secondary place assigned her: pouring the tea and presenting it courteously to her elders, answering when spoken to—in short, undergoing her apprenticeship. She has but few jewels, and under no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things; nor does it give her the right, in general, to have a money allowance worth speaking of for her personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books and gloves. A young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always allows the married lady the precedence, and she finds it quite natural to occupy the background."

A GREAT STIR.

"What is that immense crowd in the private dining-room?"
"That's a reunion of Lillian Russell's husbands."—*New York Life*.

The Mirror

II

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. O. D. Brown is sojourning with Mrs. Boston, of Sedalia.

Mrs. A. S. Dodge, will pass the summer at Narragansett Pier.

Mrs. Bryan Suyder is at the Chicago Beach Hotel, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gettys and their son have gone on to Mettawas, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. S. Barrett, will make a tour of the Michigan resorts in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meier and family have taken a cottage for the summer at Harbor Point, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Vital Garesche have returned from a visit to friends in Chicago and Lake Geneva.

Mrs. Catlin, Mrs. H. Kaiser and Miss Emily Catlin are at Jamestown, R. I., where they have a cottage.

Mrs. Virginia E. Taylor, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Beulah Taylor, left last week for Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Girardi will leave for the East after August 1st, accompanied by their daughters.

Judge and Mrs. Lubke and their son, Mr. Arthur Lubke, are on an extended tour of the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, of Missouri avenue, are located for the summer on their ranch in Montana.

Mrs. Annette C. Cheney has taken the house, 4330 Maryland avenue, into which she will move in the early fall.

Mrs. Fanny Clark, of Montgomery City, Mo., has taken Mr. Edward Whitaker's former home on Washington avenue.

Mrs. A. Manewal and her daughters, Misses Carrie and Lillie Manewal, will leave to-morrow for South Haven, Mich.

Mrs. Arthur Sager, who was formerly Miss Mitte Cowling, of Louisville, and was a bride of the early part of January, is spending the summer at Lake Minnetonka.

Miss Emily Francis, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Dickson, left last week for a visit to friends at Wequetonsing, Mich.

Mrs. H. B. Wandell, accompanied by her two sons and her little daughter, Miss Beatrix Wandell, has gone to Delavan Lake.

Mrs. John O'Fallon Farrar will entertain her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Obear, and also Mrs. Charles Farrar, in her cottage at Mackinac Island.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Duncan, of 4309 West Pine boulevard, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Lucy Duncan, are summering at Manitou Springs.

Mrs. John Schroers and children and Miss Lotta Klemm are to summer at Rye Beach. Mrs. Schroers will also entertain Miss Grace Simpson.

Mrs. E. A. Behr, accompanied by her daughter Miss Gladys Behr, has gone to Monmouth Beach, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lord Behr are with them.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Messing, of Delmar boulevard, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Josephine Messing, to Mr. Ben Roman.

Miss Jenny Worthington and Miss Tinnie Johnson, of Mississippi, who have been visiting Mrs. Leroy Valiant, left last week to return to their home.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis T. Pim have returned from their wedding journey and are living with friends in Albion place, while preparing for housekeeping.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Elliot, of McPherson avenue, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Virginia Elliot, have returned from a visit in Bunker Hill, Ill.

Miss Louise Kramar, Superintendent of the Lutheran Hospital, and Miss Emma Beulere, 1141 Leonard avenue, left Monday evening for an extended trip East.

Mrs. M. B. O'Reilly accompanied by her two daughters, Miss Agnes O'Reilly and Mrs. John E. Hall, are at Glenwood Springs, Col., where Mr. Hall will join them soon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Givens will take possession of their new home, at 5545 Clemens avenue about the first of August, after which they will go on to the Michigan resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Riddle, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Young and Mrs. Meredith, of Cabanne, are visiting relatives in Canada, where they will remain until cooler weather.

Miss Helen K. Friend, of Gloucester, Mass., is to be married July 31, to Mr. Lemuel Burr, of St. Louis. The bride to be is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Friend, of Gloucester.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morrill, accompanied by their daughters, Miss Morrill and Miss Edith Morrill, and Mr. Charles H. Morrill, left on Monday evening for Gratiot Beach, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hopkins have gone to Little Mountain, Tenn., where they will be joined by their daughters, Mrs. Goodman King and Mrs. Lou Hayward, later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Adiel Sherwood have gone from the resorts on the Coast of Maine to Newfoundland, via Halifax. They will return by way of Quebec, arriving here about Sept. 1st.

Mrs. Ozite Cox, who has been for some time traveling in Europe, has returned, and is now sojourning at the Chicago Beach Hotel with her mother, Mrs. Cox, and her aunt, Mrs. Fleming.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Ferguson, of McPherson avenue, who have been for the past six weeks at Seabright, Mass., will return next week. Mr. Ferguson has recovered from a serious attack of illness.

Mrs. George Walker, of Lindell boulevard, accompanied by her daughters, Misses Maud and Daisy Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver P. Langan, and their little son, left last Saturday evening for Lakewood, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Bruckman, of Lindell boulevard, accompanied by their son, Master Harold Bruckman, and their guest, Miss Nina Cornell, of St. Joe, Mo., left on Sunday evening for New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Friedman, of 4494 West Pine boulevard, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lily Friedman, to Mr. Gus M. Hollstein, of Peoria. Miss Friedman left last week for Boston, Mass., to remain until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Battle, of Lindell boulevard, with their entire household, are settled in their cottage at Omena, Mich., where they will remain until September. Their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Smith, are with them.

Miss Marjorie Young's engagement to Dr. J. H. Gibson, of Philadelphia, is announced. Miss Young is a daughter of General S. M. B. Young, who has recently succeeded General Shafter in command of the Department of the Pacific. The wedding is to take place in September at the General's headquarters in Fort Mason.

Miss Eva Shelly Hurley, late of Dallas, Tex., and Dr. J. Victor Voris, of Paducah, Ky., will be married at Jerseyville this afternoon, at Mrs. Cheney's home, in Jerseyville, Ill. The ceremony was originally set for August 10th. A small house party from St. Louis has been invited to be present on the occasion, with a limited number of relatives and intimate friends. Miss Hurley, during a residence of about ten years in the city of Mexico, was an acknowledged leader of American society there. Since then she has traveled extensively through South America and Europe.

Yes, it gets rather warm in St. Louis but think what it must be in Kansas. A man in Hutchinson lit a match by sticking it in a pail of water that had stood in the sun a few minutes. But St. Louis can't lead in everything. It is well content to know that in St. Louis only are to be found the best shoes—at Swope's, 311 North Broadway. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish, durability. They're not given away, but sold, for money.

THE KAISER'S PRETTY SPEECH.

Monarchs have said many kindly and happy things at times. The kaiser, who can do most things, knows how to pay a graceful compliment. A young Danish violinist was once performing at a court concert before the emperor, who evinced great delight whenever she played. When the concert was ended, the kaiser, turning to the artiste, said: "You play the violin admirably; when I listen to you with my eyes closed I think I am hearing Sarasate—and yet I prefer to keep my eyes open."—*St. James Budget.*

OUTSIDE THE FENCE.

Timmy Tuft—Hi, see that feller make a tree-bagger!

Swipsey Dwinnigan—Naw, dey's sum bloke leanin' against my knothole.

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THE WIFE-BREAKER.

He curbed her flights of fancy,
He bent her to his will;
He moulded every idea,
Repressed, and pruned his fill.

She came forth from the furnace,
A cook, a slave, a thing;
—The individual deadened—
Her soul had ceased to sing.

At night she wept in silence,
Companionless and chill;
While he encored with fervor
A "Queen of Vaudeville."

Yet she had won a husband,
And he had gained a wife.
This story has no moral;
It's just a bit of life.

Minnie McIntyre.

MISS WILKINS' NEW ENGLAND.

Mary L. Titcomb, librarian of the Washington country free library, Hagerstown, Md., writes to the *New York Times Saturday Review*: "My attention has been called to the item in your issue of May 4th, concerning the reading of young people in the Springfield public library, and the query as to the omission of Mary E. Wilkins from its list of favorite authors in what is termed 'the stronghold of New England.' The reason for this omission is not too far to seek. It probably lies in the fact that the statistics are taken from this very locality. The New Englander pure and simple does not enjoy Mary E. Wilkins. For some years my library work has been in Vermont, and if Springfield, Mass., may be called a 'stronghold,' Vermonters certainly embody the very essence of all New England characteristics in their most pronounced form. Among the users of a public library it would be hard to find a writer who excited more really bitter feelings than does Mary E. Wilkins in that State. She is not only neglected, but she is actively disliked by many. The feeling is that, while she most admirably delineates the hard and fast characteristics of the Yankee, the rock bed of Puritanism that is always to be found, she entirely fails to comprehend the

strain of mysticism, the poetic insight, and what might possibly be called the subacid sweetness of nature which are equally characteristic. Alice Brown and Sarah Orne Jewett, who catch most completely these elusive qualities, are always truer interpreters, and, consequently, always popular."

JOHNNIE KNEW.

Teacher—Why do we all love George Washington?

Johnnie Jones—'Cause dere ain't no school on his birfday.—*Baltimore World*.

Citizen—What in creation will I do for a shirt?

Wife—Didn't the washerwoman send any?

Citizen—Yes, a dozen; but none of them fit me.

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THE MIRROR SHORT STORY.

AN IDYL OF GREEN WAYS.

The gentle ardor of a Midsummer sun had hardly dried the early dew before the feet of the lad who followed the windings of the beaten path. He walked slowly, with head bent and eyes fixed unseeingly on the way-side poppies, whose scarlet silken blooms he slashed off as he went with quick blows of a slender switch. He was perhaps nineteen, a graceful stripling, with rebellious gold hair that kept blowing low over his forehead, and smooth cheeks where the red showed clear under the tan. His eyes, when he raised them to gaze listlessly ahead, showed deep blue, like sapphires; but their clear calmness was clouded, as the mirror-like surface of a little lake is filmed by a momentary breeze.

The path he followed wound round the foot of a wooded knoll and then just ahead of him left the open and struck off through a sun-splashed grove of beeches, at whose verge, bough-shaded and grass-set, there was a fountain, a broad, shallow stone bowl held on the bent shoulders of three marble fauns. When the boy reached this he stopped and drank deep of the cool water; then he sank down on the grass, and finding it comfortable, threw himself on his back in the still shade, his hands locked under his head and his eyes shut. There was a long silence; only the shrilling of August insects pulsed in the air. Then he sighed:

"Oh, I grow so weary waiting and waiting, and never knowing! All day long I go about whispering her name and talking to her. And she—she laughs. Always she laughs."

A murmurous breath moved in the boughs above him, and the bubbles in the fountain broke with an elfin tinkle.

"There is no girl in all the world so sweet—or so perverse. She will not say she hates me, nor yet that she loves me. And I, my mouth shapes a kiss each time I see her, my heart beats so I cannot breathe. Oh, sweetheart! sweetheart!"

For a moment he lay still, then suddenly pulled his hands from under his head and sat up. Somewhere in the air, fainting and swelling with the fitful wind, was the sound of a clear whistle blowing a little lilting tune that ran aimlessly on with many leaps and breaks, like the play of water over stones. The boy leaned on one hand and with parted lips stared wide-eyed down the path where it came round the edge of the knoll. The whistle grew louder, and of a sudden a girl came into sight, slim and elate, moving with a step marvelously light and free. She followed the path toward the fountain, her eyes on a bunch of poppies in her hand, and apparently unaware of her lover. Then, when she was within a few steps of him, with a pretty start she halted and gave back the gaze that met hers. You have leaned at a well's rim and looked far, far down at the water, with the shifting sun glints in the depths: such dark wells were her eyes, with the gleam of fun in them. She had a cloud of dark hair, and her red mouth trembled with tenderness and laughter.

For a little she gave her eyes to those that looked up yearningly; then suddenly she leaned against the fountain, and dabbling her slender fingers in the water, she dimpled at the moody face before her.

The Mirror

"Alack-a-day, what languishing is here! The world's a dreary place, indeed, and empty of joys! Why not bind your brows with cypress and forswear smiles forever?"

She threw back her head and laughed, a bubbling, tinkling rapture of inarticulate delight; but the boy only looked down and pulled up handfuls of the fresh grass.

"You are cruel to me," he said, in a low voice.

"I cruel to you?" with a surprised arching of the brows. "I cruel? I think it is you who are cruel to yourself."

She flirted the water at him provokingly from her finger tips.

"See how you stare at the ground when your happy eyes might be seeing themselves in mine."

"Witch!"

He leaped to his feet and pursued her as she fled choking with laughter round and round the fountain, till suddenly she darted to one side and stopped with her back against a tree, waving him off with motions not to be gainsaid, and panting to find breath for words.

"No, no, don't touch me, or I shall pray to the gods to change my shape, as Syrinx did. Small comfort you would have, I think, piping lugubrious airs all day on a reed. No, sit down again."

"Ah, kiss me once."

"Sit down, I say, here by me, and we will both be very serious and talk about ourselves quite calmly and dispassionately."

He threw himself on the grass at her side, and she, without looking at him, put her hand within his reach. Presently his eager fingers closed over it triumphantly, as she knew they would.

"How old are you?"

"I am a man."

"Answer me! How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty when October comes."

"A Prattling babe! And pray, does your father know how you go mooning after a maid and singing love-lorn ditties to the weary stars?"

He flung her hand away angrily, and immediately caught it again.

"My father—"

"Ah, I see. He does not know. And now, what have you done in the world? The man whom I take for husband should be one whose name will sound loud in the ears of men." She clasped her hands as well as she could while he held one of them, and cast her eyes upward ecstatically.

"What have you wrought, what far-sounding deed have you done that you should dare ask me to marry you?"

The boy looked at her doubtfully, but though her tone was full of mirth she did not laugh, and his voice was troubled when he spoke.

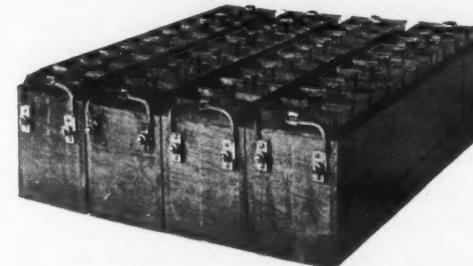
"Indeed, I do not know. You said once—my verses, you remember—but I'm afraid I have not done much. I'm afraid I shall never be famous."

"There, there, stop kissing my hand and tell me this. Suppose we were married: have you a house ready for me? We could not stay here in the wood forever. I think," meditatively, "I think I should choose a little villa just outside the city but within easy reach of it. There should be rose gardens, of course, and a vineyard, and inside the house should have a court open to



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the sky, with a colonnade of fluted pillars round it, and in the center a fountain to sing for me all the time you are away. We should be very happy there. Tell me, is there a home waiting for the bride?"

He let go her hand and sat up, clasping his hands about his knees. His tone was one of utter discouragement.

"No, there is no house."

The girl leaned toward him caressingly, but straightened herself as he turned to her.

"So then," she said, "it stands thus! You, a child not out of your teens, would have me be your wife. You have not even told your father that you love me. You have not won yourself a place among men; there is not so much as a roof to cover our heads! Do you not see that everything forbids me to marry you?"

"Yes," he said, in a trembling voice; "I did not think of anything except that you are so sweet, so dear. I suppose it can never be."

"All about me I hear the same thing," went on the girl, getting to her knees and spreading her arms wide. "'Wed him not,' the wind says, 'he is too young.' 'Wed him not,' the fountain murmurs, 'he is unknown.' 'Wed him not,' the poppies wave, 'he has no fortune.' Everything says that I ought not to marry you—and for that very reason, if for no other, I will marry you! I love you! Do you hear? I love you!"

She leaned to him, tilted back his head and kissed him lightly on his curving mouth. Then, while he struggled with joyous amaze, she fled away down the path fleet as a nymph. With a wild laugh the boy sprang to his feet and followed swiftly.

For a moment there was the sound of their flying feet on the hard path. Then they vanished round the edge of the hill.—William Lucius Graves, in *August Smart Set*.

* * *

Jackson—"I hear your baby was kidnaped." Currie—"Yes. The kidnapers have offered us five thousand dollars if we will take him back, but we are holding out for more."—Life.

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The Mirror

13

VACATION PLAYGROUNDS.

The Vacation Playgrounds at the Shields School, Seventh and Carr streets, the Pestalozzi school, Seventh and Barry streets, and the Isabel Crow kindergarten, Third and Victor streets, are a great success and the report of the ladies of the committees having the work in charge will be found very interesting to all who care for philanthropic effort. A generous response to the request for money to run these Playgrounds has enabled the committee to equip them very satisfactorily, and the latest reports show an enthusiastic attendance of over 150 per day at each school. Of all the attractions, and they are many, the shower baths take the lead, and the benefit derived by both girls and boys is incalculable. Through the generosity of Mr. August Busch and Mr. N. O. Nelson, thirteen of these showers have been provided, and each day the children are given the opportunity of taking a delightfully cool bath. The girls have theirs in the morning and the boys' turns come in the afternoon. Towels and soap are at hand for each child, so that the baths are quite thorough. These showers are placed in the cool basements of the Shields and Pestalozzi schools, which are paved in granitoid, so that a generous, splashing time is the order of the day when the bell rings for the march down stairs. The most orderly and well conducted sewing classes are also interesting features of the morning sessions, while in the afternoons the boys indulge in spirited games of football, base ball and gymnastic work. Both sessions are under the direct supervision of capable teachers, who have entered into the work with heart and soul. A number of volunteers have offered their help, but still more could be made use of, as the number of children increases daily, generally owing to the shower baths, whose reputation has gone abroad in the land. Mrs. Edw. C. Runge, of the City Insane Asylum, will gladly respond to any offers of assistance. The children have been promised a weekly outing to some spot which will give them a taste of the fresh, pure air of the country. Several offers have been made, and gladly accepted, but there is a great need of more such offers. Mrs. Wm. Dyer's grounds, on Glendale Road, have been placed at the disposal of some 350 of the children, through the active interest of the Fortnightly Club, of Kirkwood, who, with their friends, propose to provide a luncheon also. A trip on the Wabash is being planned, and one other outing to Forest Park, for the benefit of those who may not go to Glendale Road. Each Monday morning, Mrs. Clara Theis, of 1219 Clara avenue, has offered to take seven children to Forest Park. She will entertain them and provide a luncheon too. More offers of this kind would mean much happiness to the little city people. Mrs. Chas. Siddy, of Webster Groves, will attend to all communications, from any who desire to assist in this way. Mrs. Price Lane, 4380 McPherson avenue, will take charge of all books, pictures, papers, games, etc., and will deliver them to the different schools, through the courtesy of the Board of Education, who have offered the use of their delivery wagon for the purpose. More money can be used and may be sent to the following committee: Mrs. Price Lane, Treasurer, 4380 McPherson avenue; Mrs. Edw. C. Runge, Secretary, care City Insane Asylum; Mrs. Chas. Siddy, Webster Groves, Mo.

The finest silk umbrellas, with the most beautiful and stylish handles, \$1.95 to \$40, at Mermad & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

A HOT WEATHER DRINK.

Gin and tea sounds very wicked and heady and generally demoralizing, but it is English, and vouched for as a sovereign thirst quencher. It is being served these sultry afternoons on more than one Long Island piazza, and those who come from the links or the tennis courts to renew their strength liquidly declare the gin and tea mixture a very righteous and inspiring beverage.

To concoct the drink, put a teaspoonful of coriander seeds into one pint of boiling water, to which add three heaping teaspoonsfuls of Hyson tea. Allow this to simmer for twenty minutes. Grate the yellow rind of six lemons into a large bowl, and a pound of loaf sugar, a half pint of boiling water and the juice of the lemons, carefully extracting the seeds. Add two quarts of old Tom gin and pour in the infusion of tea. While hot mix thoroughly, and when cold strain and place in corked bottles in a cool place. It may be diluted to taste when served.

If one must mix one's summer drinks with intoxicating liquors—and some say it is better to do so than to drink iced liquids without any "stick" to take the harm out of them—gin is said to be the lesser evil—or the greater blessing.

* * *

EVERY LADY SHOULD COMPETE FOR THIS PRIZE.

"The "HENDERSON ROUTE" is publishing a book of smart sayings of little children under the age of five years, and in order to get data for this publication they are offering two prizes. For the smartest saying a prize of ten dollars in gold will be given, and for the next smartest saying five dollars in gold.

In order to receive recognition all sayings forwarded must be accompanied with the full name, address and age of the child.

A competent committee will have the contest in charge, and the winners will be promptly notified.

All sending in sayings will receive a copy of the book, without cost, when published, which will be handsomely bound, and contain in addition to the interesting sayings of the wee tots, a select number of fine half-tone pictures of children.

Address all letters to Mr. L. J. Irwin, General Passenger Agent, "Henderson Route," Louisville Ky.

* * *

THE TIME FOR REFLECTION: "Biddy," Pat began, timidly, "did ye iver think av marryin'?" "Sure, now, th' subject has niver intered me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy. "It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away. "Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy, softly; "ye've set me a-thinkin'."—*Bazar.*

* * *

"His wife says that he holds the record for talking in his sleep." "No wonder; it's about the only chance the poor devil has to get a word in edgeways."—*Ex.*

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840—1901.

Sonnets to a Wife.

* * *

By Ernest McGaffey.

* * *

IN response to demand by those who read Mr. Ernest McGaffey's sequence of seventy sonnets while they were appearing in the St. Louis MIRROR, they have been put into dainty and delightful book-form.

The editor of the MIRROR, Mr. William Marion Reedy, has, at the request of the sonneteer, written a few pages of foreword for the edition.

Of this sequence of sonnets the editor of *Current Literature*, Mr. Bayard Hale, wrote an appreciation as introduction to a selection of the verses in the April issue of that periodical. In that article Mr. Hale said the sonnets celebrate "in an almost Hellenic stateliness of phrase, with a restrained jubilance, with a vigor of robust thought cast into a rare exquisiteness of form, the tranquil delights of wedded life."

"The immemorial story has been sung by the long line of poets. The transports of passion have not waited till now for description. But—this sonnet-sequence having now reached its conclusion—we record the deliberate doubt whether the sheer peace, the simple, sane, satisfying joy of wedlock has ever found nobler expression.

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experiences of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the marvel of existence, and beyond them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature.

"But under no heavier shadows than those of reverie the mated lovers walk together through fields and woods, reviewing and accepting the earth and their own natures, loving the winds, the stars and the grasses as sharers in the 'equable ecstasy' of living, loving and being loved.

"Love may have deeper fashions. The element of tragedy may be necessary to glorify it utterly. Love may be a finer thing when it strengthens itself and loves the more because it is unrequited, because it is undeserved, because it is unavailing—gathering out of some such splendid sorrow its crown of joy. But of its serener and more desired delights we have now an expression which is, as the MIRROR declares, 'wholly sweet and reconciling.'"

Such an appreciation from such an authoritative source justifies the further assertion by another critic that no such body of original verse has been put forth in America in the last quarter of a century or more. Every one will wish to read

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Address, WILLIAM MARION REEDY,

The Mirror, St. Louis,

The Mirror

THE KICKER.

CYCLIST AND TIGER.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The Kicker is an unpopular man during his sojourn here; but his views are vindicated, and he receives the huzzahs and homage of mankind after he cuts the cable and passes beyond all mortal moorings.

If a man has sufficient brains to see a popular evil, and sufficient backbone to kick against it—notwithstanding it is upheld by politicians, policemen, princes, presidents and petticoats—he is forthwith condemned as a Kicker by every mental runt and moral dwarf in Christendom, and is sneered at and spurned by the mob—the poor, struggling, unlettered, crawling, brutal mob—that he is sacrificing himself to advance.

Christ was a Kicker. He kicked against the devilish old dispensation of blood, cruelty, hate, revenge, barbarism, and the people crucified Him for His pains, and tore His body with their savage spears.

Washington was a Kicker. He and his soldiery kicked for seven stormy years against the most unprincipled government on the globe, and you and I and all Americans are now rejoicing in the results of that, the most

Sublime,
Star-spangled

Kick the world has ever known.

John Brown was a Kicker. He kicked against an institution that the South considered Scripturally justified, and as he had the reputation of being an infernal old horse-thief, anyhow, they hurled him into eternity from the red arm of a scaffold-tree. But the day came when millions were marching to the music of his name, and that name will live in song, history and legend

"Till the stars are old,
And the sun grows cold,
And the leaves of the Judgment-book
unfold."

Never a Revolutionist lived or died who wasn't a Kicker; and never a heretic, and never a martyr, and never a man who sealed his love of liberty by surrendering his life upon the gallows or in the red flames quivering 'round the stake.

All that Humanity is to-day it owes to the Kicker. Ay, and more—all that it can ever hope to become—it will owe to the social, political or religious recalcitrant—to the man who is discontented with the conditions that surround him and his fellow-men, and who seeks to reform these conditions by tongue and pen, or sword and bullet, as best befits the cause.

All honor and all hail to the Kicker! and the man who doesn't like this sentiment is a craven cad who doesn't believe in interfering with "Konstitooted authority," no matter if that "authority" is rotten clear down to and through its bones with leprosy. He thinks it's the propah capah, don'tcherknow, to honor men in power, no matter if these men are despots, perjurors, manslayers, thieves, or what not. He thinks he ought to obey a law, no matter if that law impoverishes the masses for the benefit of the infamous millionaires who bribed and hoodwinked the way to its enactment. Spaniel that he is, he takes the world as he finds it, and if its progress had been left to him, mankind would still be in the condition of the Troglodytes—would still be living in caves, and feasting on the flesh of their fellow-men.

Will Hubbard-Kernan.

St. Louis, July, 1901.

•••••

Society stationery, Mermod & Jaccard's.

A race for life on a bicycle from a man-eating tiger sounds more like a description of an incident from the latest thrilling story for boys than an adventure in real life; yet M. H. Rosny, the noted French author, traveler, and sportsman, who has just returned to Paris from a tour among the islands of the Malay Peninsula, has been relating the story of his race with a tiger.

"One evening," he said, "we landed on a clearing called Nieuwenhuys, and on getting up next morning I found that my host was already afield. A little later I was prowling about the plantation buildings, when my attention was attracted by a bicycle gleaming under a shed. I could not resist the temptation—I had not ridden since leaving France. So I sped along among the rice and coffee fields in the cool and delicious morning.

"After going about six miles I left the plantation behind me, following the track of bullock wagons into the heart of a forest, where I at last stopped.

"While I was enjoying the exquisite beauty of the place there was a crunching of branches, and I became conscious that something massive but light-footed was approaching. Thirty yards from where I sat a tiger had issued from the jungle.

"I dared not move a finger. To reach my bicycle I must get to the road. This was impossible without attracting the attention of the brute, and in two leaps he would be upon me.

"With extreme nonchalance the tiger now turned towards the depths of the forest. I could bear it no longer. I tore from my hiding-place, tumbled and clambered over intervening obstacles, caught the bicycle, and ran alongside, my hands on the handlebar.

"In a flash, as I was jumping on the saddle, I caught sight of a great long body crouching for the leap. I heard the tiger at the first bound land not far behind me. In the minute space between the first and the second bound I got myself well started and balanced for the struggle. I heard his second descent, crashing and swishing in the branches and leaves on the ground.

"In my haste I had, of course, failed to insert my feet in the toe-clips, and was riding with the two hooks turned under. If I missed a pedal it was all up with me. I leaned over and pushed several long, powerful strokes that overcame the weight of starting with a very high gear.

"His fourth bound brought the tiger very near. The next time I felt the wind of his fall. A second later his shoulder or paw touched the tire, and made me swerve.

"The next leap, I thought, and the great beast will land on my shoulders and crush me down. But he didn't.

"What I no longer feared, or even thought of, now happened—I lost one pedal, then both. I regained them with some trouble, but on account of the delay a claw once more grazed my back tire.

"At this instant we came to a very narrow bridge—two boards side by side over an irrigation canal. The wheels went over it, true as an arrow. The passage must have slightly retarded the awful thing behind me, for I felt him to be further off.

"We were now between two fields of bananas. A small tree had been cut and thrown on the road by some workmen, with its branches, leaves and all. It completely barred the way. There was nothing to do but to try to go over at top speed. I sailed

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CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Headmaster.

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SPOILED HIS DAY.

Mrs. Rafferty lay dying, and she called Tim to the bedside. Tim had always been a good and a loyal husband, with two defects, unfortunately. One can be guessed by the casual reader, the other was his dislike of his wife's mother. He couldn't "bear" her, he used to say. On this solemn occasion Mrs. Rafferty took his hand. "Tim, I want ye to promise me somethin'." "If it's not to marry again, ye—" "It isn't that, Tim, at all, dear. I want ye to promise me to ride in the first coach wud mother at the funeral." Tim was silent. "Arrah, Tim, promise it now, for your dyin' wife." "Very well, then," said Tim suddenly: "but—ye've spoiled the whole day for me."

•••••

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One must be hard to please—who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust

JEWS NOT ISRAELITES.

To the Editor of *The Mirror*.

To me there is little pleasure in "writing for half a dozen persons." The pleasure of finding new truths is in conveying them to the many. To read the average article on the Jews, in the newspapers and magazines, one would never suspect that Dr. Movars' great work *Die Phoenizier*, which tells so much about the Jews, had ever been written, or that Ewald had about the same time (in the thirties and forties) written his History of the People of Israel and that it is found in English translation.

Yet men of that class, whose works are so little known, with all their German profundity failed to see that philology raises an insuperable obstacle to the claim made by those who out of older writings got our present amended edition that we call the Bible—that Jews and Israelites are the same stock.

The meaning of the name Israel as "a prince of El," or the one who successfully wrestled with El himself, as made up of the words *Sarru*, a prince and *El*, goes rough-shod over the absolute requirements of word-lore. For there are three distinct syllables in Israel or Ysraal or any other form in which it is found, but *Sarru-El* only has two. If we use it in the form Sar-i-El making three syllables then would Ysar-i-El have four syllables.

Whenever a story is found in those ancient writings whose purpose is to explain the meaning of a name we ought to be suspicious at once. The true reason for the invention of the story that Jacob wrestled with and overcame by sheer strength God himself, is that the name Ysrael did not fit a confederacy of twelve tribes, for its first syllable is the numeral ten, in Hebrew *Esser*, *Esser-i-El* is "The Ten of El," the earliest form of Ysraal, or Israel.

Bab-El, known to us as Babylon, meaning "the gate of El," was the oldest headquarters of the cult of El. But El was not the God of the true Jews. To say he was would be to say that Babylon and Jerusalem had the same religion. Yahweh was the God of the true Jews, El of the Israelites, and when we find the two names hyphenated as in the second chapter of Genesis we can see that we are in the age of the "reconcilers," as Huxley would say. We are where two antagonistic religions tried to fuse, from political reasons. In various ways it can be gathered that there was a loose confederacy of ten tribes ethnically and religiously connected with Mesopotamia, the country of El. To them were added the three tribes of true Jews, worshippers of Yahweh; Juda, Benjamin and Levi.

The name Naphthali alone proves that all the twelve tribes were not Jews, for it is a disguised form of Nobdalim, "proselytes," equivalent, therefore, to "foreigners." Antagonistic in blood and belief the attempt to fasten three Jew tribes upon the great confederacy of the "Ten of El" was a failure, as the Bible itself shows. And the Ten of El were re-absorbed into their own kith and kin and never came back from Babylonian captivity but became the "Ten Lost Tribes."

It is doubtful if such a thing as an ethnically pure Jew exists to-day. It is absolutely sure that no person with blue or grey eyes, or fair hair or white skin is a pure-bred Jew. From the time when their Phoenician masters used to say, "the cuckoo has begun to sing: get the circumcised into the fields," down to 150 years ago they have done as all enslaved peoples have, gained from the master race by the seeming

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degradation of the enslaved females. Just so we owe Fred Douglass and Booker Washington, the bright lights of the negro race, to like facts in the matters of the relations of slave women and white masters.

In an article in the MIRROR Herschel is classed, as he usually is, as a Jew. Hirsch and Hirschl are the German translation of Naphtali, when the latter is called by his father Jacob, "a hind let loose." As a proselyte or foreigner, he bears the relation to the flock or fold that a wild animal, such as a stag, does to a herd of cattle in domestication under the hand of a shepherd. Whilst the other side is required to prove Herschel a Jew this name about proves that ethnically he was not. Furthermore, his bent towards astronomy points to Chaldean ancestry. The names that are cited in music to the credit of Jewry, are most likely not those of men of true Jewish blood. Music as a cultivated art belongs elsewhere than in the pessimistic religion of the three tribes of Jews, and surely came not from those who by their own account were not far enough advanced to even sharpen their iron tools, but depended on their neighbors to do it.

Heine, the brilliant, was only half-Jew, and far less than that, could we critically make an ethnic examination of his blood.

When Jerusalem fell, under Titus, the prisoners in the catch were as diverse as the fish in an enormous seine; but, after killing till they were tired, the enormous numbers of slaves sold to Greece, Italy, France, Spain and probably most of all to England, all then Roman colonies, were simply classed as Jews. Every race of Southwest Asia was probably represented. It was as if all in Paris, on some great day of her World's Fair, had been captured and sold into all the French colonies as job-lots of slaves. The non-Jews, especially children, would be taken up by the Jews, for all other hands were those of oppressors and enemies to all who came as prisoners from Jerusalem. Thus and otherwise the true Jews absorbed Syrians, Samaritans, Israelites, etc., but the tendency has been for Jewdom to rid itself of everything not truly Jewish.

If there is one thing more surely than another identifying the Jew to the Gentile it is the "Jew nose." Yet the "hooked nose" is not the true Jew nose at all. The high, thin "hooked" nose is doubtless Phoenician, and the thicker one of the aquiline type is not Jewish. The true Jew nose is nearly straight on the profile line, small between

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A Bit of Gossip.

"They say" that it's warm.

"They say" that it's warm enough to chase around attired in fig-leaf.

"They say" that if you cannot find a store with a large and varied stock of fig-leaves, that the next best—the next lightest attire would be to have a summery suit made up from the stock of wearful, cool, summery fabrics that MacCarthy-Evans are showing.

"They say" that if it bears a "MacCarthy-Evans" label your light-as-a-feather summer suit will be agreeably lacking in the all-round baggy, just-hung-on-you look.

"They say" that your choice of any fabric, made to your measure, costs from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per suit.

Gossip has it about right, too.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.

820 Olive St., Opposite P. O.

The distinguished personage who had been announced as the speaker of the evening was late in arriving, and an effort had been made to entertain the audience in the meantime by vocal music and short impromptu speeches. A dozen or more persons began calling lustily for "Goo-Goo Eyes." Somewhat perplexed, the professor of philosophy and belles-lettres, who was acting as chairman, arose. "If Mr. Googoo Wise is in the audience," he said, "he will oblige by coming forward."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Vanity," said Lord Roseberry, recently, "is a centipede with corns on every foot."—*Exchange*.

Best Watches—Mermad & Jaccard's.

The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET.

Crop damage is now the staple argument of the bear forces. As the days pass by, and no rains are reported from the corn belt, the disposition to liquidate is growing space, and prices yield readily to bear efforts. Holders are necessarily growing disturbed at the persistent reports that the corn crop is rapidly deteriorating and that the yield will be materially reduced from previous estimates. It now looks as if the production of corn, this year, will not exceed 1,400,000,000 bushels, which would be a deficit of about 700,000,000 bushels, compared with 1900. A good deal of stress is being laid on the bumper wheat crop, and on the prospective high prices for corn, as representing a complete offset to the corn calamity. Such reasoning held good up to about a week ago, but as the drought section is extending and the heat record worse than ever, it can no longer be questioned that things are assuming a most serious aspect. If the prevailing weather conditions should continue a week longer, the corn crop will be almost a complete failure in the Central Western States. It is, therefore, no wonder that holders of railroad securities are getting alarmed, and throwing their holdings overboard, on the well-grounded belief that a crop failure means reduced purchasing power and loss of traffic to transportation companies.

About a year ago, the Northwest was suffering from a failure of the spring wheat crop, but conditions there were not as distressing and alarming as they are, at the present writing, in the corn belt. Assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, our Western railroads still have to rely on agricultural products as forming their principal tonnage, and any material deficiency in corn or cotton is quickly and very seriously reflected in revenues. Of course, the effect on railroad earnings may not be as bad as many of us are disposed to expect at present. Western and Southwestern railroads have been spending millions of dollars for improvements and new equipment in the last three years, and as they are in splendid financial and physical condition, they will probably curtail extraordinary expenditures very materially, and thus offset, to a large extent, the loss in agricultural tonnage. Besides this, rates are on a more stable basis and will undoubtedly be well maintained through the efforts of those who have been fathoming the "community of interest" policy. With a curtailment of expenses and a strict maintenance of rates, railroads may, after all, have fairly smooth sailing for the year ending June 30th, 1902, and it is not at all likely that dividends will have to be reduced, as a result of the failure of the corn crop.

The bank statement issued last Saturday was exceedingly favorable, and its figures disclosed a very material strengthening of the banks' position, through a good-sized expansion in surplus reserves and a large reduction in the loans. The surplus reserves now stand about \$21,000,000 above legal requirements, and it is probable that further gains will be recorded this week, owing to continued liquidation, pension disbursements and receipts from the interior. The only disquieting feature of the monetary situation is the persistent strength of sterling exchange. Further gold shipments are likely, and may be made before the end of the current week. This efflux of gold is not a very encouraging sign and is very anxiously watched by leading interests. The continued selling of American securities by foreign holders is undoubtedly to be held

Get Out Of The Rut!

You can't do—
And think—
And dress—
Just as you did five years ago—

The world moves!
Styles change!
And right now
The American citizen
Is out for solid comfort—

He wants comfortable clothes—
Big shoes, low collars,
Small ties, narrow belts—
And anything else that suggests
Comfort—

Has-beens are has-beens—
They can never be anything
else,
We keep them out of our store—
We have room ONLY
For strictly up-to-date mer-
chandise—
Come to us for all that's new—

MEN'S

SUMMER SUITS,

\$10 to \$25.

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine St.,
St. Louis.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS

ARCHITECT

Wainwright Bldg

ST. LOUIS, MO.

High-grade Domestic, Ecclesiastical, Monumental and Municipal Architecture.

Send for 32-page book of fac-simile

testimonial letters of reference.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS

Between Montreal and Liverpool and All European Points.

Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes.

Regular Weekly Sailing.

MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent

110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

100 CALLING CARDS 35c.

Delivered anywhere without extra charge.
Mail orders promptly filled. Send one
and two-cent stamps.

THOS. P. SMITH & CO.,
105 S. Seventh St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST., ST. LOUIS

G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
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DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

JOHN F. BAUER.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

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BAUER BROS.,

STOCK AND BOND BROKERS,

No. 312 N. Fourth Street, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Dealers in HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable
in all parts of the world.

Burlington
Route

3 GREAT TRAINS:

No. 41. "Burlington-Northern Pacific Express" 9:00 a. m.

to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Portland, Puget Sound. Northwest, via Billings, DAILY. Montana.

No. 5. "Nebraska-Colorado Express," one night 2:05 p. m.

to Denver, for Colorado, Utah, Pacific Coast. Also for St. Paul and Minneapolis, DAILY.

No. 51. For Kansas City, St. Joseph, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Nebraska, Colorado, Denver, Pacific Coast.

DAILY.

City Ticket Office,
Southwest Corner Broadway and Olive St.

HOWARD ELLIOTT, General Manager.
J. G. DELAPLAINE, L. W. WAKELEY,
City Passenger Agent. Gen. Pass. Agt.

trade is in a promising position, and that dividend payments are warranted. It cannot be doubted that the next semi-annual dividend on the first preferred stock will be at the rate of 2 per cent., placing the stock on the full 4 per cent. basis. The total amount of first and second preferred is less than \$70,000,000, and with a continuance of increased earnings, the common will soon be within sight of a distribution. According to statements recently made by Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, the Erie could

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.
Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. Also

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON,

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon,
stock and bond broker 307 Olive Street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 —104
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	110 —111
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr 10, 1906	110 —111
Renewal(Gld)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	102 1/2 —103
" " "	4	A. O. Apr 10, 1908	105 —107
" " "	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	102 —103
" " "	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	112 —113
" " "	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 —106
" " "	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 —106
St'r'g (100)	4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 —109
(Gld) 4	4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 —109
" " "	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 —110
" " "	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 —110
" " "	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 —106
" " "	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 —105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 18,856,277
Assessment			\$352,521,650

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	70 — 80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100 —102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	105 —105 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	— 60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101 —103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	90 — 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 — 101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6d 1st mrtg.	1928	104 1/2 —105
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	109 —109 1/2
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 1/2 —116 1/2
Merch Bridge Ind Terminal 5s	1930	113 —114 1/2
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	117 —119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1927	94 — 95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 —
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	95 — 96
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	91 1/2 — 93
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90 — 95
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/2 —104 1/2
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 —102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	98 —101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 — 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 5 1/2 SA	250 —252
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	206 —207
Bremen Sav.	100	July '01, 6 1/2 SA	265 —270
Continental	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	228 —230
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 1/2 C.S.A	246 —252
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 1/2 SA	177 —180
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	290 —295
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750 —800
International	100	June 1901, 1 1/2 q	150 —155
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3 1/2 C.P.S.A	175 —180
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 5 SA	525 —575
Mechanics'	100	July 1901, 2 q	231 —233
Merch.-Laclede	100	June 1901, 1 1/2 q	231 —233
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130 —150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1901, 2 1/2 q	289 —291
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	125 —128
Safe Dep. Sav.Bk	100	July 1901, 8 SA	137 —140
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110 —115
State National	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 q	88 —183
Third National	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 q	218 —220

*Quoted 100 for par.

readily earn and distribute fully 4 per cent on the common stock, as there is plenty of room for a reduction in operating expenses. There are hardly any better purchases on the list than the coal stocks. The buying of these stocks is based, not on sentiment, but on most substantial facts and careful calculations. J. P. Morgan, as has so often been reiterated in these columns, has some far-reaching plans in his mind in regard to anthracite coal properties, especially Erie and Reading.

The sharp reaction of the past two weeks has shaken out weak holders very thoroughly and good stocks have been gobbled up by people who can amply protect their holdings. There is, indeed, reason to believe that a good deal of all the unfavorable factors, including the corn crop scare, has been discounted, and that the next decided movement will be upward again. Of course, the market will need a period of nursing and recuperation, and it may not be until the latter part of August that the bull factions will be in control once more. On all moderate set-backs from now on, good stocks should prove an excellent purchase. The predominating penchant, at this writing, is to sell short, but experienced traders will go against the popular tide. Don't sell short at the bottom, after a decline of from 12 to 40 points in leading active stocks. If you did not feel like selling St. Paul at 188, don't sell it at 152.

291. Commonwealth Trust is very strong, and 294 1-2 is bid for it.

Bank clearances continue heavy, and money is in good demand. New York exchange is quoted at 25 cents discount. Sterling is steady at 4.87 1/4, while Berlin is quoted at 95 1/8, and Paris at 5.15 1/8.

The members of the Athenaeum Club in London represent the higher spheres of literature, art, and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the bench of bishops may be found upon its list. The United Service Club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenaeum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired admiral, a man of portly build and violent temper. "Where's my umbrella?" he demanded of the hall porter. Search was made and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkies immediately swarmed into the hall "My umbrella!" cried the admiral; "an umbrella with a silver knob—where is it, sir?" The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timorously informed the admiral that it could not be found. "What, sir—what sir? Not to be found, sir! Why not, sir?" "I am afraid, sir," replied the hall porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake." "Taken it! Taken it!" roared the admiral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d—d bishops!"

Municipal and Local Securities.

Connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	295 —297
Lincoln	100	June 01, S.A. 3	234 —236
Miss. Va.	100	July 01, 2 1/2 qr	398 —401
St. Louis	100	July 01, 2 qr	315 —318
Title Trust	100		150 —153
Union	100		360 —370
Mercantile	100	July '01 Mo 75c	395 —397

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 —103
10-20s 5s.	J. & J.	1907 109 —111
Citizens' 20s 6s.	Dec. '88	1905 105 —107
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1910 103 —104
10s 5s.	F. & A.	1911 107 —108
Lindell 20s 5s.	J. & J.	1913 117 —118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 —118
do Taylor Ave. 6s.	M. & N.	1896 105 —106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 —103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	M. & N.	1902 98 —103
do 2d Mtg. 7s.	Monthly 2p	100 —
St. L. & E. St. L.	do 1st 6s.	1925 103 —107
do Baden-St.L. 5s.	M. & N.	1910 102 1/2 —101 1/2
St. L. & Subs.	J. & J.	1913 102 —103
do Con. 5s.	F. & A.	1921 105 —106
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M. & N.	1914 117 —120
do Merimac 6s.	M. & N.	1916 116 —117
do Incomes 5s.	1914 93 1/2 —95	
Southern 1st 6s.	M. & N.	1904 104 —106
do 2d 25s 6s.	1909 106 —108	
do Gen. Mfg. 5s.	F. & A.	1916 107 —108
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s.	A. & O.	1910 100 —102
do 2d 25s 6s.	J. & D.	1918 122 —123
United Ry's Pfd.	July '01 1/4	78 1/4 —79
" 4 p. c. 50s	J. & J.	89 1/4 —89 1/2
St. Louis Transit.		26 1/2 —27

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent	25	July 1901 4 SA	54 — 55

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	28 — 29
Am. Car-Pdry Co	100	July 1901 1/2	59 — 60
" " " Pfd	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qr	29 — 30
Bell Telephone	100	July 1901 2 qr	83 — 84
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	140 —145
Central Lead Co.	100	July 1901, MO	126 —131
Consol. Coal.	100	July 1901, 1	14 — 15
Doe Run Min. Co	100	July 1901, 1/2 MO	25 — 35
Granite Bi-Metal	100	July 1901, 1	187 —192
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Feb. '99, 1	85 — 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 — 53
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. '99, 1	103 —109
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. '99, 1	102 —108
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	92 — 95
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June 1901 8 SA	

RACING AT DELMAR RACE TRACK

Beginning at 2:30 P. M., Rain or Shine.

ADMISSION, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00

THROUGH CARS ON OLIVE STREET, SUBURBAN AND PAGE AVENUE LINES.

SENATOR VEST ON THE DOG.

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by Senator Vest, of Missouri, some years ago. He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged he arose, scanned the face of each juror for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master, in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside

will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out but soon entered with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

COULDN'T STAND BOTH.

It is said that the Kaiser, at a recent review in Berlin, reprimanded old General von Meerscheidt for losing his mind at a critical moment. "If your Majesty thinks that I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign." "No, no," replied the Kaiser, "you are too young to resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins so fast, you would be a more useful army leader." On the evening of that day the Kaiser and the general met at a Court ball. The general was talking to some young ladies. "Ah, Meerscheidt," cried William, "that is right; get ready to marry. Take a young wife, then that excitable temperament of yours will vanish." The general bowed low as he retorted:—"I beg to be excused, your Majesty! A young Emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand."

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

A young chap who believes that bluff and show are everything in this world, credits his success (financial, of course—the only success) to the rental of a safe deposit box ten years ago. It cost him just \$5 a year, and he explains as follows: "The hire of that little box underneath one of our more important banks, where millionaires had their valuables in receptacles that cost \$250 a year, gave me the entree of the vault, and it so happened (I tried always to make it so happen) that whenever I descended to the cellar some big fellow in the world of finance happened to be descending also. By and by my face and figure must have become known to a whole raft of bankers and brokers. I never had more than a diamond ring, a watch charm, a hundred-dollar bill and a buckeye in that little box, and I used to go into the cubby holes and clip coupons to beat the band. My father gave me \$1,000,000 in Confederate bonds, and I clipped them. All for show, but I

was careful not to show the coupons. I sought a position with —. He asked if he had not met me in the vault. I exonerated. He took a fancy to me and employed me at \$100 a week. I am a member of the firm to-day. Five dollars a year is less than 42 cents a month. Let every young man rent a box in a safe deposit vault. It is an open sesame to financial society.—*New York Press*.

THE VIRTUES OF LEMONS.

A correspondent inquires whether lemons possess the virtues that are so frequently ascribed to them. What science has to say in reply is that the fruit is anti-scorbutic in its nature, and that its employment as a preventive of scurvy is illustrated in the familiar use of lime-juice, a product practically the same as lemon juice. The lemon contains various acids, citric acid amongst them, with citrate of potash and these acids oxidize in the blood into carbonates of potash and carbonic acid. As scurvy is believed to be due to a lack of potash salts in the blood, we see how substances like lemons, potatoes, and fresh vegetables generally, act as preventives of the ailment. Also in rheumatism, in which it is desirable to maintain the alkaline character of the blood, lemons are of service. Beyond this we do not think anybody can vaunt the properties of the fruit. A healthy person has no more need of lemons than of, say, tea, for his ordinary food will supply him with all that is necessary for the maintenance of a sound body. People who talk about lemons as "good for the liver" and so forth, found their belief rather on faith than on knowledge.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE: *Papa*— "Where's my umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall-stand with the others last evening," *Willie*—"I gue s Mabel's beau took it when he went home last night." *Mabel*—"Why, Willie! The idea!" *Willie*—"Well, when he was sayin' good-night to you I heard him say: 'I'm going to steal just one.'"*Philadelphia Press*.

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

THE CHUTES.

Grand Avenue Park.
Grand Avenue and Meramec Street.
Week of July 28th
Maurice Freeman's Company in a
Beautiful Production of
CAMILLE.
Matinees Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.
Admission to Park Free.

Suburban

Reached by Suburban,
Olive Street and Easton Avenue Cars.
Carriage Entrance,
North Market and Kiulein avenue.

VAUDEVILLE.

THIS WEEK

BOBBY GAYLOR,
LEB AND LARROW TRIO
FOUR FERRARIS,
PANTZER TRIO,
LAVENDER AND TOMSON.

NEXT WEEK

MARY NORMAN,
PRESS ELDRIDGE,
EDDIE GIRARD and
JESSIE GARDNER,
JUGGLING JOHNSONS,
CHAS. McDONALD,
HERBERT and WILLING.

New Poses in Prismatic Fountain.
Admission to Park Free—Matinees Daily.

FOREST PARK Highlands

ONLY FAMILY RESORT IN TOWN.

HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

CРАGG FAMILY

GENTLEMEN ACROBATS, First appearance in St. Louis.

MONROE, MACK and LAWRENCE,
In "How to Get Rid of Your Mother-in-Law"

LEW SULLY.

Late Comedian with Primrose and Dockstader Minstrels.

GALETTI'S MONKEY COMEDIANS.
D'ONZO BROTHERS.

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS FREE

Reserved Seats, 25c and 10c.

Next Week—**MARIE DRESSLER**

DELMAR GARDEN

Opera Company

This Week,

Every Evening, Saturday Matinee.

Sousa's famous comedy in song

El Capitan

Greatest amusement event in Town.

Next Week—Willard Spencer's

The Little Tycoon.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO

CRAWFORD'S

Third Week of their Great Manufacturers' Mid-Summer Sale. Bargains offered are more attractive than ever.

SUIT DEPARTMENT.

(Second Floor.)

Ladies' Fine Cotton Covert Jaunty Walking Skirt, stitched flounce at bottom, in blue, black, brown and tan, and good bargain for.....	\$1.48
Ladies' Special Sale on our Duck Skirt, in blue and black polka dot, all sizes, no extra charge for different measurements, 2 flounces at bottom, trimmed with plain white and mixed braid, sale price.....	\$1.48
Ladies' Fine Venetian Cloth Unlined Skirt, in black, blue, castor and brown, flounce at bottom, stitched with 5 rows of silk stitching at top and lower part of flounce, sale price	\$4.98
Ladies' fine quality of White Pique Skirt, flounce at bottom of skirt, neatly stitched all over, inverted pleat back, sale price.....	\$2.35
Ladies' Lot of Shirt Waists, reduced on account of being slightly soiled, some hemstitched and tucked, and some fine embroidered, in blue, pink, lavender and white, an extra bargain, at.....	98c

Lace Department.

500 pieces Lace Beading, scarcest thing in the market, all widths and qualities, at, a yard,	
2½c, 3¼c, 5c, 7½c and 10c	
Serpentine Insertions, endless variety, white, cream and Arabian, at, a yard,	
7½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c and 25c	
Just think! New goods at sale prices. Must be sold—500 Remnants of Lace Yoking, in white, cream and black, in lengths ¼, ½ and ¾ yards, sold in the regular way at 50c to 75c each, choice of lot, at, each	19c

EMBROIDERIES.

Exquisite Stock of Embroidered Beading for all widths of ribbon, at a yard,	
5c, 7½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c and 25c	
Special at 5c a yard—Cambric Swiss and Nainsook Edging and Insertions, from 1 to 6 inches wide, were sold at 7½c, 10c and 12½c, choice of lot, at, a yard.....	5c
15 pieces Grass Linen, tucked and shirred all over, latest novelty this season, was sold at \$1.25 a yard, choice of what's left, at, a yard	50c

CURTAINS.

(Third Floor.)

500 Pair Scotch Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, were \$1.25, now, pair.....	75c
250 pair Ruffled Swiss Curtains, were 85c, now, pair.....	49c
15 dozen Oil Opaque Window Shades, 3x6; were 45c, now, each	22½c
Rope Portieres; were \$1.50, now	75c
Brass Extension Rods; were 7½c, now, each	2½c
Large Size Mosquito Bars, were \$1.50, now.....	\$1.10
Were \$2.00, now.....	\$1.35

BLACK GOODS.

Black Lace Lawns which have been sold during the season for 20c, now.....	10c
Black Lawns, with black cord, very fine quality, were 20c, Sale Price	12½c
Brocaded Mohair, regular 59c quality, Sale Price	29c

Hosiery.

Ladies' imported fine Cotton Hose, fancy stripe, boot pattern and all black, plain and Richelieu rib, were 35c, now	19c
Ladies' imported Lace Lisle Thread Hose, high-spliced heels and toes, blacks and tan, a beautiful assortment of patterns, were 48c now.....	35c
Children's and Misses' imported fine Cotton Hose, full regular made, high-spliced heels and toes, double knees, black and tan, were 25c, now	15c
Infants' imported Lace Lisle Thread Hose, fast black, pretty patterns, were 48c, now	25c
Infants' Lace Hose and Sox, white, black, tan, pink and blue, mostly all sizes, were 25c, now	12½c

Summer Knit Underwear.

Ladies' Jersey ribbed fine Cotton Vests, taped neck and arms, were 12½c, now	8½c
Ladies' imported Swiss ribbed Lisle Thread Vests, low neck, silk ribbon in neck and arms, were 50c, now, each	29c
Childrens' Jersey ribbed Balbriggan Vests, low neck, ribbons in neck, were 12½c, now	5c
Children's Gauze Vests, high neck, short and long sleeves, also Pants, broken sizes, were 50c, 30c and 20c now, 25c, 15c and	12½c

Ladies' Undermuslin.

Muslin Skirts, umbrella ruffle, trimmed with lace insertion and edge, finished with deep foot ruffle; were \$1.25, now	89c
Muslin Gowns, yoke trimmed with two rows of embroidery and tucks, neck and sleeves finished with cambric ruffle; were 60c, now	39c
Extra Good Cambric Drawers, finished with hemstitched ruffle; were 35c, now	20c
Corset Covers, French style, front trimmed with hemstitching and fine tucks were 75c, now	50c

PIANOS.

Several Pianos returned from renting, slightly used; \$75 off of regular price.

Also, a new lot just received from factory,

\$149 and \$189,

MILLINERY.

(Second Floor.)

TRIMMED HATS.

All our Hats are marked down to one-half—come and take your pick for

FLOWERS.

300 bunches of Roses, were sold in the season for 49c, now

BABY CAPS AND HATS.

Assorted lot in colors and styles for

Children's Fancy Trimmed Straw Hats, assorted colors and styles; worth up to \$1.00.....

SILKS.

24 French Foulards, good line of patterns and colors, sold for 89c and 95c, Sale Price (yd.)

23 Foulards, all new this season, good line to select from, sold for 69c, Sale Price

24 Black Brocade India, light weight, for summer wear, sold for 75c, Sale Price (yard)

COLORED GOODS.

Headquarters for swell patterns of White and Black Lawns and Dimities. New Lawns and Dimities received daily.

250 figures Challies, just the goods for ladies' wrappers, Sale Price

350 pieces fine Dimities, white ground, with fancy stripes and colored figures, regular 15c quality, for

French Organdies, black ground, with colored figures, were 39c, Sale Price

White and Black Lawns and Dimities, all new styles, including lace effect, only

Louisine Cords, the finest wash fabric imported, regular 39c quality, Sale Price

WHITE GOODS.

Remnants of Colored Silk Muslin, 28 inches wide, also Silk Mulls, 45 to 48 inches wide; were 50c and 60c per yard, choice to close at, per yard

Fancy Madras, white grounds, with pink, blue, helio and green silk plaids; were \$1.25—Clearing Sale Price

Plain Tinted Dimity, nile blue, helio, red and navy; were 15c—Clearing Sale Price

Pin Checked Nainsooks; were 12c—Clearing Sale

Fly Screen

(4th Floor.)

Windows and Doors.

With greater selling than ever before our complete line of sizes of The Shankey Adjustable Sliding Screen can not last much longer, so place your order now, as next month you will have mosquitoes as visitors, and they are more annoying than flies. All sizes in stock, from 28 inches to 44 inches high, 21 inches to 47 inches wide.

SPECIAL.

45 dozen 1 1-8th inches thick, all sizes, Screen Doors, natural cherry finish and covered with the best wire cloth; worth 98c, this week only,

The Mirror

A QUIET HOTEL.

Blewit's wife and children were in Europe. He heard from them by cable, and he sent a return message and wished that he could go with it. But no, he was chained to Boston. After their departure he learned that there was some business that imperatively demanded his attention, and he resigned with a sigh his proposed trip across the water. He wrote Mrs. Blewit a pathetic letter, in which he regretted the escapade which made him miss the boat on which she departed for foreign shores; and he said, in his usual effusive vein, that he had given up all hope of ever seeing the white cliffs of Albion. He had just posted this letter when he met his evil genius, Staggers, who said:

"How do you like keeping bachelor's hall?"

"Not at all," was Blewit's reply; "it's deucedly dull. Nobody's in town, and I feel like Robinson Crusoe and his desolate island."

"Minus the animals," suggested Staggers.

"Hardly," was Blewit's response. "I have plenty of homeless cats to keep me company. I have a kind of sympathy for them, because they are in much the same condition that I am myself."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Why don't you open an asylum for abandoned felines? I'll head a subscription list for raising money to support the institution."

"Perhaps if you looked after some of your poor relations it would be more to the purpose," said Blewit, sarcastically, as he thought of Staggers' father bending under a load of debt to support his family, while his oldest son was a rapid man about town, who was always ready to make a big fellow of himself by opening wine for people who laughed at his extravagance behind his back.

"Hang it, don't be personal!" exclaimed Staggers, not at all pleased by Blewit's not too delicate sarcasm. "Come down to the shore with me and I'll show you how to banish the blues. Let care kill the cat. You've got to live, even if Mrs. Blewit and the kids are having a good time in London—foggy London."

Blewit weakly accepted this invitation, and was soon on the train going to a near-by watering-place, which was described as an earthly paradise that combined the charms of seashore and country in an eminent degree.

"Ah! this is delightful," said Blewit, after dinner, as he sat on the piazza of the Top Knot House. "The ozone gives me new life, and the odor from the woods is full of healing balm to the lungs that have been filled with the vile smells of city thoroughfares."

"Ozone be blowed, you old sentimental! Come upstairs and have a little game."

"You don't mean to say that you come down here to play cards. Don't you get enough of that in town?"

"Well, a man must do something. What is the use of sitting here listening to a lot of women gabbling about dress, or abusing their neighbors. You'll hear more scandal here in five minutes than you will upstairs all night. Come along!"

"I suppose I'll have to," replied Blewit, resignedly, as he cast a lingering look at the water where the boats seemed to be nodding to him to stay and enjoy the outdoor beauty of the night. "Let me take a long breath," continued Blewit, "before I

go into the tobacco-laden atmosphere where you are bringing me."

"Oh! if you want exhilaration, I'll take you where you can get it," was Staggers' response, as he took his companion into a little closet where about a dozen men were crowded, all intent upon taking what they called "three fingers" from sundry black bottles.

"Ah, Blewit!" squeaked Poppers, a very large man with a very small, bald head and very weak lungs; "came down to get a little fresh air, did you?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder, "but there doesn't seem to be much of it here."

"True," interrupted Balmy, a little man with a deep bass voice; "but we've got something that's better."

"Perhaps you have," sneered Blewit, "but is there any necessity for going into the Black Hole of Calcutta to swallow it?"

"Well, the fact is, this is a temperance hotel, and there is no bar. Therefore we have to come in here to take a nip; but you mustn't give it away, now that we have let you behind the scenes. Our wives don't know that this place exists."

"I should think they would nose it as they go upstairs," said Blewit, with a weak attempt at a pun.

"Mrs. Blewit might," ejaculated Balmy. "I've heard she could smell out most anything, but as she isn't in these parts, and you are enjoying a selfish picnic, you needn't be afraid. I'll promise not to write to her, so drink heartily, my boy, the cable won't carry the news to Amanda!"

Blewit couldn't stand chaffing, so he took his poison with as good grace as possible, not only once, but several times, and he soon forgot all about the ozone, and was as eager for bluff as any one, as he followed the party into a room at the top of the house, in the cupola, in fact, which was dimly lighted by kerosene-oil lamps. It was even more stuffy than the closet they had just left, and Blewit couldn't help laughing as he remarked:

"So this is what you call coming down to the shore to pass a quiet night with your families?"

"No moralizing," piped up Poppers; "shuffle the cards and play for mun."

How long they had forgotten their cares in the fascinations of poker Blewit did not know, but it must have been somewhere about midnight when, through a haze of smoke, he saw a female figure in the doorway. It belonged to a diminutive but determined-looking woman, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Blewit, how dare you keep Mr. Poppers up until this hour? A man of your age ought to be engaged in better business than leading married men astray. I'm not surprised that Mrs. Blewit went off to Europe without you!"

Having delivered this tirade, the mite of a woman led the gigantic but submissive Poppers from the room, as Staggers remarked:

"I say, Blewit, what do you mean by coming down here and upsetting a nice, quiet family hotel.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*



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The Mirror

21

REST SPOTS OF MICHIGAN.

Northern Michigan resorts have for years been deservedly popular as summering places. There is no more delightful spot on earth than any one of the hundreds lying on the shores of the Great Lakes surrounding the State of Michigan, or on the banks of her beautiful inland lakes or streams.

Charlevoix, among the most prominent of these resorts, the summer home of summer people, is one of the most charming, modernized ancient towns of this vicinity. A trip to this, or any one of the many adjacent watering places, is made as pleasant over the Illinois Central and Pere Marquette railroads, as luxuriant equipment and excellent service can provide.

The town of Charlevoix is not alone the summer home of summer people, but, owing to its splendid harbor and convenient location, it is also a commercial city of some 3,000 permanent residents, with all of the modern improvements of larger cities. Situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, at the entrance of both Big and Little Traverse Bay, there is ever a cool breeze blowing, and the summer winds are tempered to a freshness, more marked here than at any other point of the North coast.

Charlevoix is replete with facilities of comfort and pleasure. Here the objection, met with at most of the Northern Michigan resorts, that the beach bathing is unpleasant and unhealthy because of the extremely cold water, is obviated by the swimming pool, a substantial structure of modern design and complete equipment. For raising the water to an agreeable temperature, a special heating plant is maintained. The pool is on the beach of Pine Lake and the capacity of the tank is 105,000 gallons, the water being constantly kept fresh by the intake and outflow. At night the building is illuminated by electric lights, and trained attendants are on hand to minister to the wants of the bathers. Besides providing patrons with bathing suits, dressing rooms and all the necessities of pleasurable bathing, the management has secured the services of Herr Leopold Fischer, as swimming instructor. Herr Fischer was formerly engaged in like capacity at the military school at Koblenz-on-the-Rhine, Germany.

The links of Charlevoix, situated in the Lindsey Park addition, are a delight to all golf players. This ever-popular game is one of the amusements which has grown to be a part of the daily life of the summer resident.

Boating, excursions, lawn parties, balls and other social functions combine to make Charlevoix one of the most delightsome of summer resorts in Michigan.

The angler will find the region round about Charlevoix most enticing. Brook, lake and river are alive with the best game fish of the North. In the lakes will be found California or land-locked salmon, wall-eyed pike, large and small-mouthed black bass, pickerel, fine ring and white perch, and an infinite variety of smaller fish; and in the brooks are speckled and rainbow trout, black bass and pickerel. The Pere Marquette road puts this region within easy reach, providing its patrons with all the comforts and luxuries afforded on the main line.

Among other exquisitely appointed hotels of Charlevoix, the Inn ranks first in popular favor. The house and its furnishings are practically new, it having been opened in the season of 1898. The arrangement of

the apartments is such that all sleeping rooms have windows opening direct to the pure air that blows from the lakes. It is built on the brow of the terrace overlooking Pine Lake, and the grounds drop away to the beach in a succession of little hills, which have been carefully laid out and beautified by landscape artists of national reputation. The view from the wide veranda is most pleasing, and makes it a favorite lounging place throughout the day and evening. In the evening the grounds are illuminated by electric lights, and there are numerous nooks and corners which are more than attractive to the romantically inclined. To the more prosaic, the house is roomy and spacious, lighted throughout by electricity, and there are call-bells in every guest, toilet and bathroom in the hotel. Likewise, the Inn is known far and wide, as "the house with good beds," while the cuisine is unanimously voted par-excellence.

The Chicago Resort Club and the Belvedere are both strictly first class hotels, affording quite as many luxuries as the Inn. In addition to these, there are numbers of smaller hostelleries, more or less favored boarding houses, and, last, but not least, numerous cottages, making it possible to accommodate thousands of visitors with ease and comfort.

Of the many charming resorts in Little Traverse Bay region, Petoskey is the most enchanting. It was the first of the Northern Michigan towns to become known as a summer resort. Abounding in Indian legends and folk lore, it is enwrapped in a mysterious charm, which ever proves irresistible to the fair sex,—nor is the sterner sex adverse to its touch of romance. Petoskey is visited season after season by the many admirers of its exquisite scenery and balmy breezes,—some even preferring it to Charlevoix. Petoskey's hotels, boarding houses and cottages are all strictly up-to-date and so systematically are they conducted that few can vie with them in ability to provide for large numbers of transients. The Cushman, the Imperial and the New Arlington are among the hotels most favored.

One mile north of Petoskey, and reached therefrom by train every fifteen minutes, is Bay View, of Assembly and Summer University fame. It was founded twenty-five years ago. To-day it is an elegant and well-built summer city of over four hundred cottages, besides hotels and the seven beautiful halls of Assembly and University. Ample parks and playgrounds have been laid out, all the grounds are supplied with water from cold springs and lighted at night—in fact, everything has been done to make this favored spot an ideal watering place. The resort is quite cosmopolitan, and although once strongly Methodist, it has become, by a fraternal spirit and management, now almost equally marked in its interdenominational characteristics—a feature which is very attractive to everybody. Tourists invariably comment on the pleasant cottage life, the excellent society, as well as the fine views of the bay and opposite shores. In 1886 the Bay View Assembly and Summer University was organized on an interdenominational basis. Since then the place has become famous and immensely popular, and now attracts thousands of tourists to see and hear celebrated people in the rich assembly programmes. The University has a faculty of forty-two instructors from the leading colleges, and the advantages are regarded as very superior.

The methods employed are stimulating and judicious; the cool, healthful, Northern climate is most favorable, and a vast amount

of work is accomplished in a few weeks. Here, too, is the summer headquarters of the Bay View Reading Circle. Bay View is a most beautiful place wherein to combine intellectual advancement and pleasure.

The superior scenic charms with which Nature has endowed Roaring Brook have been greatly enhanced by most liberal treatment at the hands of experienced artistic landscape gardeners. The name of "Roaring Brook," which is adapted from the name of the spring-fed stream which flows through these grounds, is rather a misnomer, as it conveys to the stranger an idea of violence and noise, whereas the brook is really a romping, pretty, little water-way, of crystal purity, winding in beauteous turns through the cedars, tumbling over boulders, and trilling forth the music of rippling and gurgling waters on its short-lived progress to the bay. Splendid hotel accommodations, beautiful scenery, and the delightful zephyrs ever fanning the brow, go to make Roaring Brook one of the most pleasant of summer resorts.

A point of interest in the Michigan region, which may be easily reached from Petoskey, either by rail or boat, every day of the season, is Mackinac Island, which has a charm all its own and a world-wide reputation for its scenery, for its balmy-cool climate, to say nothing of its interest as a point of historical importance, the scene of thrilling events in the struggle between civilization and savagery on this continent. It is well for all those who visit Petoskey to "take in the island."

The Grand Traverse Bay Region includes some of the most delightful spots to be found in all Michigan. On both sides of Big Traverse Bay are beautifully wooded banks, grassy and in most places high above the waters of the bay. Starting at Traverse City, there is Edgewood, Traverse Beach, Traverse Point, Ne-ah-ta-wan-ta, Lees Point, Suttons Bay, Omena, Northport, and Northport Point; while on the peninsula between the two south arms of the bay is Old Mission Point, and on the East shore is Elk Rapids, Angell and Lone Tree Point on Torch Lake.

Traverse City, a prosperous and rapidly growing city of over ten thousand inhabitants, while big enough and metropolitan enough to gratify the most exacting visitors from the large cities, is not so large as to be objectionable to those who seek during the summer the solitude of the forest or the quiet of the shore of the inland lake. It is, on the contrary, a comfortable neighbor for the resorts at Northport, Traverse Beach, Omena, Edgewood, Fountain Point, Ne-ah-ta-wan-ta, etc. It is the railway station for most of this region, the through car service between St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago and Grand Rapids, via the Pere Marquette Railroad, making it particularly convenient. Traverse City is also the connecting point to and from the boat lines on Grand Traverse Bay.

These bay points are all reached from Traverse City, from whence a line of boats make trips during the resort season, morning and afternoon. A special feature of the resorts in Leelanau county is that they are surrounded by nature's forests and close to large, well-improved farms, where fresh butter, milk, cream, eggs, vegetables, fruit, etc., can be procured every day, and the hotels are thus supplied with the best at all times. The scenery is superb, the bathing is a feature to be noted, the fishing the best, and the country roads afford splendid facilities for bicycling and driving.

These Leelanau county summer resorts are becoming better known every year. Leelanau county lies north of Grand Traverse and Benzie counties, and is a vast peninsula, poking its nose out into Lake Michigan, thus forming Grand Traverse Bay. The peninsula is about thirty-two miles in its extreme length and twenty-two miles across at the base. It is indented with numerous bays and harbors and affords excellent boating. Running almost throughout its entire length is the celebrated Carp Lake, a fisherman's paradise. This large body of inland water is more than fifteen miles long, and is alive with fish of all varieties. This lake is especially noted for the deep water trolling for Mackinaw trout. Around this lake are numerous resorts,—Fouch, Fountain Point, and the Watts Resort at Leland, the head of the lake. These points are all to be reached from Traverse City by rail to Fouch, thence by steamboat, a number of which run on the lake. Glen Lake is also a fine large body of water and but little known except by Chicago parties who go there every season in large numbers. This lake excels Carp Lake in scenery, and equals it for fishing and bathing.

Harbor Springs is located on the North side of Little Traverse Bay, or rather in a small land-locked harbor formed by Harbor Point, a narrow peninsula projecting into the bay and inclosing a surface of a mile in length and a half-mile in width. The shore is a pebbly beach, washed by waters of crystal purity, in which small objects are clearly discernable on the bottom at depths ranging 30 to 50 feet. Along the water's edge large springs gush up streams of water clear as air and only twelve or fifteen degrees above freezing point.

About a mile east of Harbor Springs, and seven miles from Petoskey, is the resort known as "We-que-ton-sing," after the Indian name of the harbor, which has been translated as "Harbor of Rest." Here indeed is quiet, and the location one from which fine views are to be had of Harbor Springs, Harbor Point, Bay View, Petoskey, the bay and Lake Michigan beyond. It is developing finely, and each year adds to its already liberal capacity in hotels and cottages, and in other facilities. An addition to the Hotel We-que-ton-sing—made during the past winter—affords many improvements in larger and better rooms, telephones, electric light, steam heat, baths, etc., etc. We-que-ton-sing is a place of quiet and rest, where the onerous social life may be put aside for the more restful pleasure of living close to the heart of Nature. We-que-ton-sing is noted for the beauty of the birches which grow in abundance there.

Fourteen miles northeast from Mackinac Island and near to the north shore of Lake Huron are the Snow Islands, one hundred in number, a famous region for fishing and sailing. Black bass, muskallonge and perch are the principal yield and they are to be had in great number. Their principal hotels are Les Cheneaux, Islington and Elliot. On the largest of the islands (Marquette) is the Marquette Club House.

Harbor Point, Beaver Island, Cheboygan and numerous other points in this vicinity of Northern Michigan, each possessing their particular charms, offer multitudinous delights to the summer pleasure-seeker, and the only difficulty is in deciding "which shall it be." One thing quite patent is—no matter which resort you select, the Illinois Central is the only route to take you from this part of the country to any of these havens of rest.

The Mirror

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